

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, N.F.LD. & N.W. AMERICA.

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WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

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THOMAS B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

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THE SWORD OF FLAME.

"So He drove out the man; and He placed at the east of the Garden of Eden cherubims, and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life."

WHEN our first parents lived in innocence in the Garden they knew nothing of sin and shame, and they were in perfect harmony with the will of God. When, however, they broke the first commandment given to man, they at once became conscious of its breach and were afraid of the consequences, hence they hid when God called them. Thus "conscience makes cowards of us all."

Illustrations of this every man can find in his own life. The consciousness of sin within us robs us of power. Since we are all born in sin, a guilty conscience will to a greater or lesser degree assert itself just as opportunity for sin presents itself.

And is it not natural for man to delight in sin pure and simple. Whatever inducement there may be, whatever pleasure may allure man into sin, the sense of guilt will not be absent, and our conscience will be to us the flaming sword which bars our way to the garden of life.

But since Christ died to save the world, there is no need that we should continue to be the slaves of sin, nor go on in the path of transgression, we can leave the way of death and find a new way to the Tree of Life—through the wounds of Christ to the heart of the Father. The guilty conscience may be purged, and a happy consciousness of a free and full pardon clear the way into paradise once more.

What is it that robs you of the joy of life, that takes the best out of earth's pleasures and puts a sting into every enjoyment? Men hunt after peace and happiness, but the flaming sword turns to bar every avenue they try. There is no escape from a guilty conscience. In life or death, in time or eternity, the sinner will be kept out by the flaming sword.

The untruthful person often gains certain

temporal advantages, but the ever-present knowledge that his lies will be detected keeps him from peaceful enjoyment of his wrongfully attained gain. The deceiver Jacob was ever

in fear of Esau, and was kept out of the Promised Land until he had repented, and made restitution. The rebellious Children of Israel died in the wilderness, and even Moses, the man of God, only saw Canaan from a distance. Saul lost his kingdom, and his evil conscience drove him to the witch of Endor and a suicide's grave.

The knowledge of being clean, pure, truthful and right makes a man strong, while an evil conscience undermines his power. It is the same with nations, as the Preacher said: "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people."

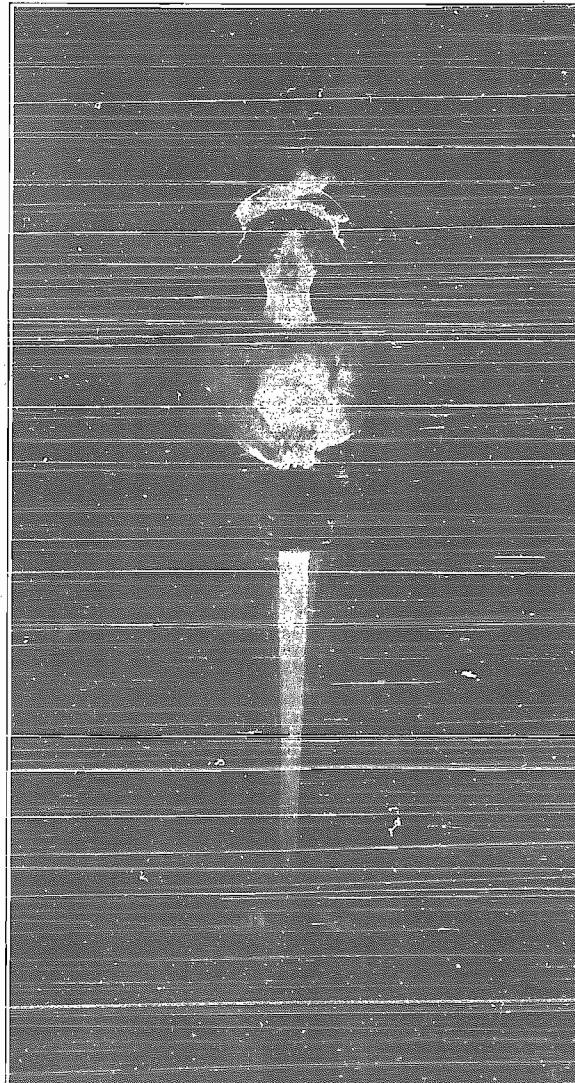
The history of the world, as well as the experience of our own heart, tells us of the fiery keeper of the gate of Paradise. There is no more vigilant watcher than an uneasy conscience. Peace and guilt is as impossible to dwell together as fire and water.

There is only one way to induce the Sword of Flame to uncover the Gate of Life, and that is through Christ.

Oh, the infinity of God's love, that gave Jesus to the world. The love which shines forth the greater and staggers our comprehension, the better we understand the well-deserved doom of rebellious humanity. Betrayed, scorned, spit upon, blasphemed and rejected, the loving Christ returns to the door of Mansoul and knocks, asking for admission.

Sinner, look at your despicable self, upon the record of your life, listen to the catalogue of your sins, which your conscience depicts so often, and then look at the wounded and bruised Lamb of God, and contemplate His great compassion for you and those like you, who crucified Him, and on whose behalf He cried: "Father, forgive them, for they knew not what they do!" Think, all the warrants which hell holds against your soul may be cancelled, a free pardon given, heaven's door opened to you—if you will repent of your sin and turn to God.

"Taste and see that the Lord is good."



THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE.

To the Memory of the Late Staff-Captain Perry.

"Precious in the eyes of the Lord is the death of His saints."—Ps. cxvi. 15.

Sometimes the brave falls by our side,
All battle-stained with gore,
We simply cast a glance, and press
To other feats before;
But when from distant parts we hear
Of how a warrior fell,
How can we help, when thus our souls
With sad emotions swell?

We've fought together, faced the foe,
We've known each other well;
Now comes the message, bathed in tears,
Me of his fate to tell.
It adds to sadness still to know
That I'm denied to view
And weep beside the last remains
Of one so good and true.

"T'were scarce the worth, a friend to love,
Then meet to part no more;
But 'tis the Christian's hope to meet
Upon a grander shore.
So will I fight, and trust, and pray,
And to the Lord be true,
And meet my friend, who fought beneath
The Yellow, Red, and Blue.

H. Kruger, Edmonton.

Glory or Death.

Thrilled with patriotism, and perhaps a little pardonable pride (?) a newly-fledged member of the volunteer force arrayed himself for the first time in regiments, surveying the whole with some satisfaction.

"When I get my sword 'twill be complete," was his enthusiastic countenance.

At last it came, and eagerly the implement of war was handled.

Was somewhat hard to extricate from its scabbard, but, determined to examine it more minutely, the young fellow grasped it excitedly, giving an extra pull and jerk, and, lo! the deadly weapon sprang from its sheath, and struck him on the lip.

Although blood flowed copiously, he thought nothing of it, but next day was obliged to quit business, and take to bed, scarcely knowing how to account for the indisposition.

Again and again he sought to rise, and throw it off, but in vain, until a physician, being summoned, pronounced it a hopeless case of blood-poisoning, and but a few short hours would terminate the sufferer's life.

How brittle the thread of life which God holds in His hands, to lengthen or break at His pleasure.

Young or old, rich or poor, ready or unready alike, our lives are absolutely at His command.

None can refuse to obey the summons.

"In the midst of life we are in death."

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A few days since we gathered the following particulars.

A strong-minded man (blessed with a Christian wife) imbibed infidel notions. He scoffed at religion. In God he professed not to believe. Heaven and hell were fairy tales of imagination.

In vain his wife pleaded and urged again and again that he would acknowledge his Maker and surrender to His claims.

Superior (?) wisdom and vaunted strength thrust away all such invitations, and he lived on recklessly—selfish in the extreme.

At last the twelfth hour on time's dial arrived, and the agonies of death seized his frame.

He had lived without God, could he not as well die without Him?

The strain was awful to witness. A real battle raged of mental anguish against physical weakness.

The dying man found his infidelity supplied no pillow on which to rest, and fell peacefully into the last sleep of mortality.

"After Death the Judgment."

His theories of "No hell, no heaven, and no God," had worn thread-bare, and through their flimsy fabric he looked out into the shadowy eternity on whose verge he lay.

The prospect was too awful. He had outraged God all his life; he had made himself believe against every strivings of conscience, reason, the experience of Christian people, the undying testimony of God's Word (which no persecution fires has been able to destroy), and natural instinct, strong in every man until quenched by the demon of doubt. He had done despite to all these, and above all, to the Spirit of God Himself.

How could he die now, and face the penalty?

What would he not give for another year of grace, another term of health, and strength to re-consider it all, and cast the issues of life in another mould?

But even as the mental war waged his strength was diminished.

The throttling hand of death was choking—overpowering him.

Rising in his bed with a last despairing effort he shouted: "I won't die! I won't die!"

But as the words faded in grim echo he fell back upon his bed—a corpse.

"Dust thou art . . . to dust thou shalt return."

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Unbeliever, your turn will come. Repent ere it be too late.

"It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God."—N. S.

Springtime at Hadleigh Farm Colony.

What Waste Labor Has Produced on Waste Land—A Hopeful Outlook.

A mass of blossom, covering every branch with a soft, pinky hue—such was the appearance of the Colony apple orchards when our representative visited Hadleigh.

Judging from appearances, the outlook at Hadleigh, so far as crops are concerned is decidedly hopeful; but knowing how deceitful appearances often are, our representative sought out the managers of both market garden and farm branches of the enterprise.

Both these experts were very hopeful. The market garden section is already doing well, and last year's records show something of what may perhaps be expected if all goes well. To have grown, on land that was once waste, and by means of labor that was perhaps worse than waste, the following crops in one season is something to be proud of—

13,500 lbs. of strawberries.
46,480 lbs. of gooseberries.
76,640 lbs. of apples.
45,000 heads of celery.
111,740 heads of lettuce.
28,000 bundles of rhubarb.
33,000 lbs. of plums.
130 tons of onions.

Bees and Blossoms.

It is interesting, too, to notice that in some of the smaller crops the market garden has done well—especially so in the growing of mint; so much so that the Fruit, Flower, and Vegetable Trades Journal—the leading paper for the greengrocery trade—has given a very encouraging note respecting the quality of mint sent to market from Hadleigh.

Sheep graze round the fruit trees, keeping the turf in good condition, and the pleasant bleating of 125 healthy lambs comes up from the orchard as a reminder of a "crop" not yet realized; while news of a couple of swarms of bees having been taken a few

days previous to our representative's visit reminded him of the old saying—

"A swarm in May
Is worth a load of hay,"

and evidently from the market garden manager's pleased expression, he had some faith in the old adage.

Down at the Farm Office, where the worthy farmer, in genial welcome, vied with the pleasant weather outside, a similarly hopeful view was expressed.

Healthy Live Stock.

The live stock are, indeed, a very important asset on the farm. The fine herd of cows—excellent milkers—and the thirty calves—healthily, promising, and apparently contented—are well housed in the roomy building set apart for their use. For breeding purposes a remarkably fine bull is kept, which has carried off more than one prize at dairy and agricultural shows.

From time to time reference has been made to the remarkable success achieved by Ensign Richards in his section—the poultry farm—but the farmer at Hadleigh was able to point out another branch that, in exporting to other countries, has done well also. The Colony pigs have long been famous. But recently in South Africa the Social Farm conducted by the Salvation Army imported from Hadleigh some of the best stock; and at one of the large agricultural shows held in South Africa, early this year, the imported animals and their progeny captured many prizes!

Hay prospects are good, and corn is looking well.

Regenerated Men.

It will thus be seen that the Land and Industrial Colony at Hadleigh has succeeded in doing something of a very practical character while carrying on its most useful work among the men who are being assisted all the time to rise to positions of honor and trust either in this country or across the sea.

What wonder that, among such surroundings as these, the hopeless submerged from the workhouses and casual wards of London begin to find a new joy in living, and are led to think, too, of higher things? And what wonder, too, that the Colony Officers report that with the coming spring there has been a remarkable awakening of spiritual interest among the colonists, and quite a number have professed salvation at the meetings in the Citadel!

THE ARMY COLONY AT ROMIE, CALIFORNIA.

We learn that the Fort Romie Colony, of which our late Chief Secretary, Colonel Holland, has charge, was never in a more prosperous condition, and never were the prospects so bright and promising as at present. The seasonable rainfall has been ample, feed for stock abundant, and the crop prospects are good. Land values show a considerable increase in appreciation, and Colony land will now bring from \$125 to \$150 per acre. Land rents for almost twice as much as it did two or three years ago, and is in great demand.

All the colonists are wholly self-sustaining; the improvement on land, buildings, etc., made or paid for by themselves, will aggregate upwards of \$10,000. The number and value of their live stock, taken as a whole, has more than doubled, and their payments to the Army on account of principal and interest are constantly increasing, thus enabling the Colony to make some repayment on the loans and investments made by our National Headquarters, New York, U.S.A. The Rochdale co-operative store doubled its business during the last two months of the fiscal year.

Through the courtesy of the Board of Park Commissioners of San Francisco, the Colony has obtained a magnificent collection of trees and shrubbery. These will add to the beauty of the place, and are highly appreciated.

The General in New Zealand.

PEOPLE TAKE POSSESSION OF RAILWAY PLATFORMS—INCIDENTS ON THE WAY TO THE CAPITAL—A WEIGHTY MAYOR—“NO LICENSE”—CHRISTCHURCH RECEPTION—EASTER MEETINGS.

By Commissioner Nicol.

THE General gets very little rest while traveling in New Zealand. As no night train is run as yet in the colony, passenger traffic is always busy, and as there was no way to satisfy the public desire to see the General as he passed along the line from one city to another the people simply took possession of the platforms at various points. Stationmasters wisely gave way. Guards were not over-scrupulous about keeping to the letter of the tables, and as the Government and the Governor placed their cars at the General's disposal, a sort of special countenance was given to an occasional irregularity. As one guard humorously and pleasantly observed to one of the Staff, when the train was delayed three minutes in consequence of the crush, “Well, we are in the hands of the General to-day.”

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If I describe one railway station reception I practically describe all—at least, those which brought forth addresses from the General on his way from Dunedin to Christchurch. There were several minor stops. For instance, two soldiers, an old lady, and a dozen or so of farmers “drew” the General at Palmerston South—a township surrounded by a farming community, where two officers, a buggy and horse do good work. The officers and Sergt.-Major were on the train, and so the colloquy took place between this little company, the General sitting at his carriage window. “There's no another man like him,” betrayed the nationality of the lady spokesman. The men smiled assent. “You have a beautiful country,” observed the General. The men again smiled—they were of the same opinion. “But I know of a better!” At which the farmers looked doubtful, as they lingered on the General's pause. “And they call it Heaven!” “Whaur I'm gaun,” came the ringing reply from the lady spokesman; and then the General talked for scarcely a minute on the importance of getting ready for heaven—nay, for having “a bit of it down here.” The farmers became serious, and the old lady closed her eyes, as if in prayer that the words of the General might go further than their hearing. The train moved, and the General extended his hand through the compartment window. The tear-faced lady seized it and pressed it to her lips, and the last we saw of her as the train rounded the curve was as her arms were lifted toward heaven still engaged in prayer. Scenes like these with touches of deep religious feeling and human veneration are common wherever the General stops for a few minutes, whether in town, city, or wayside township, or the side-entrance to a place of meeting.

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But there were more important events which I must not pass by. At Omara the Mayor, councillors, ministers, and hundreds of people met our train on its way to Christchurch and shouted their welcome again and again. The Mayor spoke from a platform especially constructed, and the General replied. His first sentence converted a hubbub into a calm. A similar demonstration, only more enthusiastic and crowded, occurred further along the line, at Timaru; but Ashburton rose to the dignity of a glorious crush. From one end of the long platform to the other people were standing like a solid block of humanity, and when the train stopped the block swayed in serious and comic forms. Young New Zealanders scrambled onto the sides and tops of the cars, perched on the buffers, hung on in groups to the very edge of the observatories, while women and children literally climbed the station posts and

railings, or stood on piles of goods here and there.

“Where's the Mayor?” shouted Commissioner McKie above the babel of cheers and remarks. “Buried down here,” responded a wit. Sixteen stone, if a pound, in weight, and as big as Samson, the Mayor at length emerged, ascended the platform at the end of the General's car, and after puffing and blowing for a minute, assured the General that “it was his great pleasure,” etc., etc. The sentence went on without a finish. Another was started, in which something was hinted about the General being the greatest something in the world. But though not fluent in speech, his boyish good nature and exuberance of spirit, delighted the General, and we had some pleasant humor.

The General modestly observed that he was a working man, and that he was going about the world doing good. And with that playful term, to which the General occasionally reverts, he said he hoped the Mayor was animated by the same spirit, and that he was as hard a worker! The Mayor, still perspiring, broke into laughter, and the vast crowd, who evidently were familiar with the easy life which the good Mayor led, took up the fun of it, and fastened their eyes with evident pleasure on the grand old man again.

This time, however, the General had some direct and pointed questions to ask them, and for five minutes our leader dilated upon the conditions of a useful life, with volley after volley of interrogations couched in the personal pronoun. They stood once more like a human block, with all disposition to laugh and cheer gone out of them. Eyes have a language of their own. They are often eloquent upon the workings of the soul, and I assure the readers of the War Cry that this five minutes' talk of the General's revealed the soul of that platform of people. The preacher, called conscience, was compelling silent, but serious, attention, and a sequel to the General's final appeal made that same preacher's words thrill every soul. As the train slowed out of Ashburton, a member of the Staff raised “Grace is flowing,” with the refrain, “None need perish.” There were a goodly number of Salvationists on the train, and they sang it with a gusto that sent the glorious Gospel fact ringing above the heads of the mute, eye-staring, convicted town—for all Ashburton seemed to be there.

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And a word about this town. Eighteen months ago it adopted “No license”—that is, all the saloons were closed, and no drink has been legally sold since, except as a drug. While the General was speaking I squeezed up to the Vicar and asked him what he thought of No license. “Socially and morally good; commercially doubtful.” Another's opinion was that tradesmen were perceptibly better for it; while a third declared that it was developing a false and dishonest spirit. “People will have drink. It is brought in in sealed bottles from licensed districts and delivered at the door, thereby familiarizing it to wives and children who, till the introduction of No license, only knew it at a distance.”

It is also freely stated that there is a deal of secret selling of intoxicating drinks.

One thing, however, is certain: the number of charges of drunkenness in the police court went down with a bang, and the streets on Saturday nights are like Sundays. The movement is worth careful and impartial study. The fact that it exists at all speaks volumes for the love of order and decency at least in this baby nation.

CHRISTCHURCH.

The General reached this city at 5.10 p.m. on Saturday, the thousands pouring out of it on pleasure bent at the same time. As already cabled, his reception meetings, especially those on salvation, were on a high level. The General himself acknowledged that the soldiers' meeting and the salvation meeting on Easter Monday night were quite equal with the best he has held in any part of the world.

I will simply, then, note the leading events, and try and give War Cry readers an impressionist review of the chief salvation feast. Taking these events in their order, there was first the scene in front of the station, immediately on his arrival in Christchurch. The Mayor and council led our leader to a specially-erected pedestal, on which, in the presence of 8,000 to 10,000 people, his Worship presented an address of welcome. While replying, cars and other vehicles ceased running, and with that liberty I have already referred to, all sorts of vantage points were captured in order to see and hear the General.

The soldiers' meeting followed, at which many sought restoration of lost peace and power, while a goodly proportion of former Salvationists came in deep contrition and sought afresh the mercy of God.

The large Canterbury Hall next day (Sunday) was the objective of the city's interest. Everyone seemed to be moving thither. Morning and night were salvation meetings, with good results. The afternoon was devoted to the General's lecture. The cream of the city—judges, magistrates, councillors, clergymen, politicians, etc.—occupied the platform, under the civic rule of the Mayor. As a sight, they say Christchurch only sees one like it when the Governor is received, or when a wave of patriotism knocks down the walls of denominationalism or class distinction. The General spoke, as usual, with convincing effect, and it was encouraging to see the hearts of the stable folks on the platform coming out in tears, as they listened breathlessly to the pathetic illustrations of depravity and rescue told by the General. The Rev. Mr. Tait, B.A., in seconding a vote of thanks, summed up the effect produced by frankly accepting the hits which were given, especially in his capacity as a minister of the Gospel.

Easter Monday was resurrection-like. The General conducted three meetings, and it is of the last that I wish to write in particular, for we saw the Salvationism of the Army in New Zealand at its best. The big Citadel was crowded—though that goes without saying—and from repeated visits to every corner during the prayer meeting, I should say that those present were either in possession of salvation or seeking it. The pardonable curiosity that drags people to see the General was satisfied on Saturday and Sunday. Religion was now uppermost, and I am half inclined to suggest from this fact, and other straws that I have already watched, that there are signs of a general awakening in the colony to spiritual things. Here, at any rate, there was no need to pray for a revival. Our part was to praise God for one, and to make the most of the opportunity.

The Staff were as one man. The field officers stationed at their various posts, were alive to the main chance, and if one overheard a word from those keeping the doors, it would be certain to be charged with the spirit of the hour. The locals, studded throughout the packed crowd, floor and gallery, had all around them either half-hearted brethren or old backsliders whom they had induced to spend Easter Monday in company with the General. The soldiers, or the bulk of them, wore faces that reflected the very glory of God. There is such a thing as a hallelujah look and a spiritual lustre, and here we saw them; and when they raised their hands and closed their eyes in praise or prayer the faces of the New Zealanders shone with this beauty. It was the beauty of the Lord our God.

They looked strong men and women, too. Whether it is on account of the splendid

climate, or the blood of sturdy forefathers, or the general ease and prosperity of their lot, I cannot say, but these soldiers of ours look bonnie—well uniformed, well fed, and highly contented. The most of them are approaching the prime of life. Recruited from the working classes, the cultivation of their muscles has not been neglected. You can understand, therefore, how their voices made our sanctuary ring when the Spirit of God had free course with their singing and praying. Once heard, the music, the vim, the liberty, and the very roar of it never can be forgotten.

Within a few paces of the General's chair sat an Irish Envoy who had biked 250 miles, and traveled over mountain and river to be present. His arms, limbs, and eyes worked like a machine set in motion by heavenly fuel. When a chorus reached its zenith his arms went round and round like a windmill. On the front seat, facing the General, sat Jim Bell the publican, who, it will be remembered, was carried to the penitent form in an invalid's chair, beaming on the man whose emissaries had released him from the shackles of drink. He was happy, indeed, as he told that his first convert—a jockey—had only recently triumphantly crossed the Jordan to mansions in the skies. Radiant with joy was an officer, also near by, who had been so happy that he had gone to his billet the night before, and finding that the only unconverted person there was the gardener, woke him out of his sleep, and did not leave him till he yielded his soul to God!

A Contrast in Them.

Then there was the working platform staff—living, moving, and having their being in spirit in the bosom of the General. To the right was the Territorial Commissioner (McKie), with flashing eyes and deep amens, eager for the chance to follow Colonel Lawley and took up the lead of the prayer meeting. The contrast between the two men made undoubtedly for the decision of souls. Colonel Lawley can rise, at times, to a fine height of fervor, and he did; but as a rule his tender, short sentences—calls to surrender—rise slowly, or rather more step by step, to a glorious crisis. Whereas Commissioner McKie rushes into the fray as a jape does, I suppose, when his commander shouts "Charge!" He strips his tunic. He raises the wristbands of his guernsey. His hands grip the platform rail, and he bends over it, and in clear, loud words—bursting from a soul as coals of fire splutter when thrown upon a fiery furnace—this Boanerges of salvation announces his choruses, commands attention, demands an answer, enforces the divine injunction, terrorizes the excusers, and out the weak and halting come to the mercy seat, while the stiff and indifferent are startled behind their powerful ramparts.

Then towering above his Staff, as Mount Look does its fellows in the northern part of the Island, is the General. The victories of the morning and afternoon had but intensified his sanctified ambition for a greater. He stepped on to the platform with youthful alacrity. His eyes were fired with the zeal of his soul. He was impatient of the slightest delay, or repetition of generalities. His amens to the prayer which truly carried the meeting out of itself resounded throughout the Citadel. Heated by the same passion the packed Citadel groaned, cried, and vociferated its responses and praises. Announcements and offering were got rid of with speed and the General's line of action was clear. Panting to get to business, he refused to coin a sentence that had not a direct bearing upon his theme, which was the causes and consequences of backsliding.

The Power of His Message.

The power of his message was at once felt. A court-like awe stole over the congregation. It was arraigned at the bar of God, charged with the greatest crime against heaven—the betrayal of Christ. Fairly, squarely, and intelligently the General stated the backslider's pleas, and then by picture, incident, illustration, argument, and affirmation he held up Christ—bleeding, suffering, dying.

The divine rested upon us. The eyes of men were turned inward. The visage of the world alternated between looks of concern and remorse; eagerness to act and fear of consequences. The General spoke as the oracle of God. We felt it, bowed under it, and waited for the result.

86, in figures, means next to nothing.

An old man of 90 and a lad of 9, kneeling side by side unfold at once the character of the result. A stream of hardened backsliders, softened under the tropical breezes of the prayer meeting, vowed they would crucify their Lord no more.

A man who was entangled by a vile woman—held in her grip to do her bidding at any time—counted and paid the cost of renunciation, and went straight to martyrdom.

A man and wife, stricken with shame, refused all day Sunday to yield, but to-night the husband, leading the wife, relented; but would not move. All eyes were turned toward her, for her distress was woeful. Colonee Kyle ventured to second other people's efforts, and while he reasoned with her it transpired that the woman had been a soldier under his wife in Stockton, in the Old Country. Here, then, was a coincidence which was accepted as a fresh call to surrender, and burdened with a load of guilt, she was led to our blessed altar of salvation, where light streamed into her soul.

Scores passed through similar glorious transformations, and at 10.30 Commissioner McKie was still running, like shuttle-cock and battle-dore, from one side of the platform to the other.

The spirit of song filled the atmosphere, and we left the precincts of the place reluctantly. If this can be sustained, what have we to fear?

"Born in Sin and Shaped in Iniquity."

A Tragic Life Story.

"Some babes are born in this world of sin With never a smile to usher them in."

Baby Mary was one of them, and her mother left her in a bad house with an aged colored woman to look after her.

Mary was a pretty child, and the aged keeper of the bad house thought she would grow up to be "good for the trade," so little Mary was permitted to live.

At fifteen the young girl listened to the blandishments of a young man, and unlawfully lived with him.

By-and-by a little baby came, but, alas! the man upon whom Mary had lavished her affections became a lazy drunkard, and Mary had to toil hard to support herself and little one.

Tired out with a hard day's toil, the poor girl crept into bed one night, and gently drawing the sleeping babe to her bosom, was soon fast asleep. The hours of night sped

on and the drunkard made his way homeward and cursed at the darkened house and closed door. The broken window made entrance easy, but the sight of the sleeping girl and innocent babe maddened the drunk-cursed brain, and, picking up an axe, with one blow severed the baby's head, and another delivered on poor Mary's head almost sent her into eternity as quickly as the baby feet had gone.

Between Life and Death.

For weeks she lay in a hospital ward, hovering between life and death, and after a time Mary, just a shadow of her former self, found herself discharged. Where to go she knew not. Every newspaper had revolved in her pitiful story; her tragedy was well known, yet in all the big city no door stood open, no voice spoke kindly welcome. She wandered back to her childhood's home, but she was not wanted; her beauty was gone; she was useless; who wanted a poor maimed thing like her?

The Army Captain and his wife had heard of her discharge from the hospital, and before long she was taken to one of our Rescue Homes. It was in it she learned of a Saviour who loved her and gave Himself for her.

For many months she needed the utmost care; operation after operation was necessary, but at length the wounded head was healed, and Mary passed out of the Rescue Home to the home of an Army friend, who reports that she is a household treasure and the best domestic they have ever known.

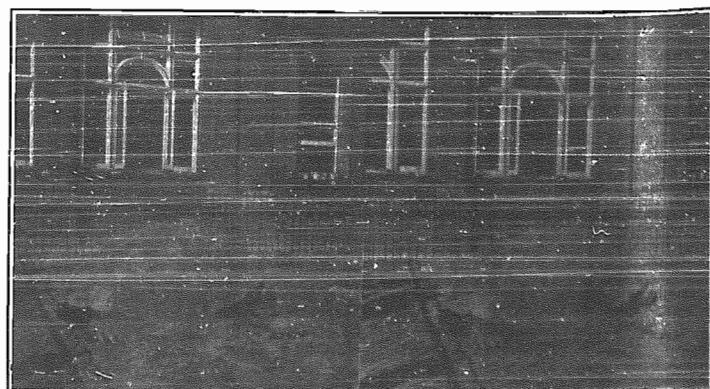
INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

The use of instrumental music in worship has its foundation in the best feelings of human nature, prompting men to employ with reverence, according to the means they possess, all their powers in expressing gratitude to their Creator. This use cannot be traced in sacred history from the time of Moses to the time of David; nevertheless, David not only employed instrumental music himself, but calls upon all nations, all the earth, as he did, with psaltery, with harp, with organ, and with the voice of a psalm. His psalms are continually sung in Christian worship; and can it be a sin to sing them, as was done by the original composer, with the accompaniment of an organ? Christ never found fault with instrumental music; neither did Paul or John; the latter, indeed, tells us that he beheld in heaven "harpers harping on their harps."—Dr. Ritchie.

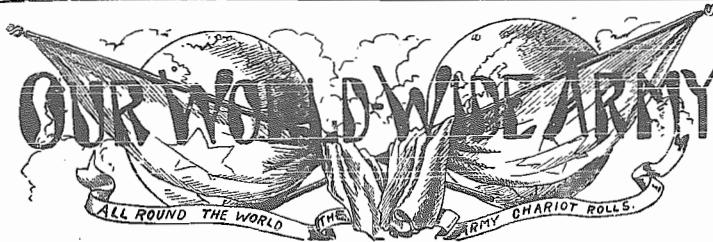
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The music played forth from dead instruments often supplies a better condition for the Spirit's influence than the prayers of a living soul. Hence the objection to musical instruments in churches has no warrant either from the Bible or from the Spirit of God, because dead things have no living will to separate the holy presence from them.—Dr. Pulsford.

It is only when at work that we are part of God's creature scheme.



Huge Tortoise, Zoological Garden, London.



IMPORTANT CHANGES ACROSS THE BORDER.

In connection with the transfer of the American north-western corps from Canadian Territorial Headquarters, mentioned last week, a re-arrangement of Provincial boundaries has been decided.

The following prominent officers are affected, many of whom, being old Canadians, the news will have more than general interest.

Lieut.-Colonel Stephen Marshall takes charge of the Chicago Province and Western Training Homes. His territory will consist of Northern Illinois, Idaho, and Southern Wisconsin, in addition to Chicago City.

Lieut.-Colonel John Addie goes to the former's recent command, which henceforth comprises Missouri, Arkansas, Texas, and Southern Illinois.

Lieut.-Colonel Thomas W. Scott takes the reins of the Midwestern Province, including Kansas, South Dakota, Oklahoma, and Indian Territory, making Provincial Headquarters in Kansas City, Mo.

Brigadier John Cousins goes to the command of the North-Western Province (Minnesota, Northern Michigan, Northern Wisconsin, and North Dakota).

Brigadier Walter Jenkins takes over the Northern Pacific Province, which embraces Washington, Oregon, Montana, and Idaho.

Brigadier Joseph Langdale remains in the Rocky Mountain Chief Division, which in future consists of Colorado, Utah, and Southern Wyoming.

Colonel Geo. French gets an addition to his Province in the big city of El Paso, Tex.

Many other changes are also predicted, news of which is promised next week. May God's seal of blessing rest upon all.

MRS. COMMISSIONER KILBY

Draws a Turk in the Gospel Net at Chicago.

Mrs. Commissioner Kilby and her Secretary, Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Miles, were unexpected visitors at the Clark St. Slum post on Sunday last. A warm welcome, a glad volley, and we are in on the old lines—salvation from the guilt and power of sin.

Mrs. Kilby's Bible readings are always helpful and inspiring, and the crowd listened with intense interest as she showed them the way from darkness to light; and while angels troubled the waters she helped them into the blessed pool for cleansing and healing. Only a small prayer meeting, with twenty sinners in it, five of whom came to the cross of Jesus and started for heaven. One dear man—a Turk—volunteered to the penitent form, then our troubles began, for no one could speak his language. Question after question was

put to him, only to be answered by a shake of his head; but after a while someone said: "Do you know Jesus?" Then a glad smile lit up the dear fellow's face, and he placed his hands upon his breast and said, "Jesus Christ." It was beautiful, and we prayed and sang and believed until, taught by the Spirit of God, he entered the Kingdom. How he prayed! We could not understand a word, but our souls were richly blessed, and we were filled with joy over these lost souls finding the salvation of God.

his service in France, Switzerland, Sweden, and Holland. His wife has stood by him in many a fight, and is one with the Colonel in his desire to train their four children as Salvationists.

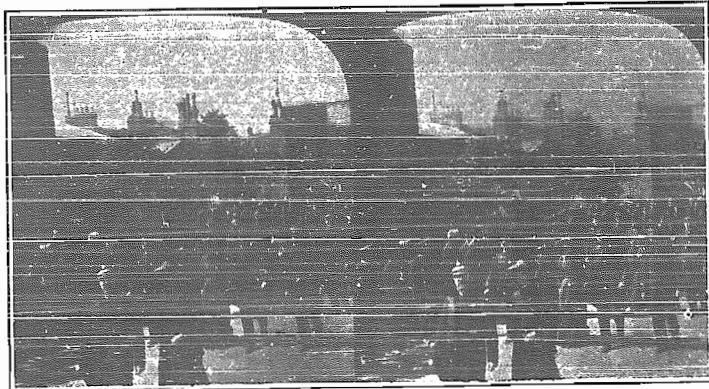
Lieut.-Colonel Govaars was the first Dutchman to become an officer. As "The Hallelujah Dutchman" he traveled with one of the International parties in England, following the International Congress of 1886. He has fought his way up to his present rank from a Lieutenant, serving in England, Wales, Germany, and Switzerland, as well as his own native land, where he now returns after having spent nearly three years in his present position.

VISITING HOLLAND.

Colonel Hay as International Representative.

Colonel Hay, the British Chief Secretary, has left London for Helsingfors, Finland, and will be absent from National Headquarters for something like fifteen days.

It will not be the Colonel's first visit to this



British Staff Officers.

Taken during the International Congress, 1904; Commissioner and Mrs. Coombs leading.

interesting people, for he led a campaign among them a few years' since.

He will conduct public meetings in Helsingfors, the capital, and on behalf of the Foreign Office will confer with our Finnish leader, Colonel Ogrim, on matters affecting the advance and consolidation of his command.

Colonel Hay sailed direct to St. Petersburg, the Russian capital.

SOUTH AMERICA.

While Brigadier Frank Smith was at the port of Bahia Blanca, in the Argentine Republic, he conducted the official opening of our new Sailors' Home and hoisted the Army flag over the building.

Bahia Blanca is a busy and growing centre in the South American export trade, and is frequented by sailors belonging to all nationalities.

The new Home, like most of the buildings in that part of the country, is built of wood and iron. It will provide safe and comfortable accommodation for sailors in a place where these men encounter many temptations.

The establishing of this Home was facilitated by the generosity of the Directorate of the Great Southern Railway, who contributed \$1,000 towards the expenses.

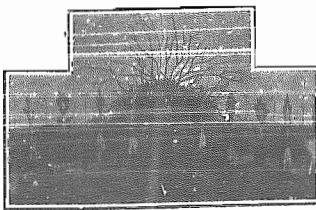
We are delighted to hear that a Resent Home at Tappan, N.Y., hitherto known as the "Door of Hope," and conducted by Mrs. Whittemore, has been generously transferred by that lady (with its forty-three acres of land, and a sum of \$2,000 for a new wing to the building) to the Salvation Army. There will be accommodation for twenty-five girls.

CHIEF SECRETARIAL CHANGES

In Holland and Switzerland.

Colonel Francois Fornachon, the Chief Secretary of Holland, and Lieut.-Colonel Govaars, of Switzerland, are under orders to farewell from their present appointments and "change over."

Colonel Fornachon, who has just completed twenty-one years as an officer, is Swiss by birth, but cosmopolitan in character after



The Temple of Homaunu, Hawaii.
Where human sacrifices used to be offered.



Treasure Trove.

Lost Galleons of Spain.

One of the largest treasures whose existence rests on historical evidence lies somewhere at the bottom of the harbor of Vigo, in Spain. It is believed to amount to about \$37,000,000 in gold and silver coin, and it has been in the water ever since the combined Dutch and English fleets sank fourteen out of the twenty-three Spanish galleons, laden with four years' accumulation of American treasure, in 1702. For eighty years one company after another—English, French, and American—under concessions from the Spanish Government, has been vainly attempting to recover the money that went down more than two centuries ago.

Another lost treasure was contained in the galley that sailed from the port of Santo Domingo, in 1502, with Governor Bobadilla, the persecutor of Christopher Columbus, on board. The ship was caught in a hurricane, and sank on the southeast corner of the island, near the islet of Saona. Neither wreck nor gold was ever located, so there is a splendid prize that may yet be recovered by some daring diver with modern equipment.

Still another, which tradition values in the millions, was carried by a Spanish fleet loaded with gold, silver, and pearls, from Peru that went down not far from Puerto Plata, on the north coast of Hispaniola, as the Island of Haiti and Santo Domingo was then called, two hundred and seventy years ago.

The Duke of Argyle, since the beginning of the century, has personally spent a small fortune in an effort to obtain the valuables lost with one of the ships of the Spanish Armada, said to have been the *Florentina*. She went ashore in a storm in the Sound of Mull, in 1588, and when some gallant Scotsmen boarded her, her commander blew her up. The Duke's ancestors had been after this treasure since 1641. In an article which he, as Marquis of Lorne, contributed to the *Nineteenth Century*, in 1888, he declares that in 1667 there was said to be thirty millions of money on board.

The Treasure of La Ferriere.

Christophe, the savage black tyrant, who proclaimed himself King of Haiti in 1806, had an insatiable lust for gold, and unusual facilities for amassing it. From the Spaniards he wrangled the foundation of an enormous fortune, which was subsequently augmented by a long series of forced contributions from his subjects. Trusting nobody, he decided to build a fortress in which he could entrench himself and his treasure in time of danger, and also a palace to rival the royal residences of Europe. Under his direction Sans Souci was built; and, though in ruinous condition to-day, it is beautiful still. But the greatest monument of Christophe's power, energy, and savagery is La Ferriere, a huge fortress perched on a mountain-top, and accessible only by a steep and difficult trail.

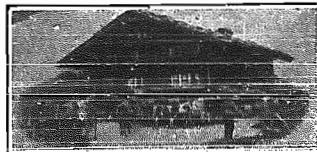
The negro king forced thousands of his subjects to do servile labor in the building of this mountain castle. Huge blocks of stone were hauled from distant quarries. Vast dungeons were hewn in the solid rock. Heavy guns were dragged up the precipitous heights. No man in Haiti might do his own work when Christophe needed his strength. The tollers were spurred on with frightful cruelties, and death was the punishment of the idler. It is said

that before the fortress was completed thirty thousand lives had been ruthlessly sacrificed in the task.

In La Ferriere the tyrant is believed to have had several million dollars secreted by his most trustworthy guards. In a short time these guards disappeared one by one, "on secret missions" as he told the others; but the men who knew the secret of Christophe's hoard never came back. When the Haitians finally revolted, and the dethroned ruler committed suicide, no one knew where his money was secreted; and in spite of the persistent efforts of the Haitian Government and the attempts of hundreds of private adventurers, it has never been discovered. The crumbing walls of La Ferriere still crown their forest-clad height, and some of Christophe's cannon still peer from its moldering embrasures, as if a mockery to the treasure-hunters.

Buried Gold in the Transvaal.

Buried somewhere in the Transvaal there lie a few million dollars in coin that once belonged to the Boer Government. When the late Mr. Kruger fled to Holland, it was understood that a sum variously estimated at from ten to thirty millions disappeared from the Pretoria mint. From the contents of his will, it appears that he took about three and a-half millions to Europe with him; but the other Boer leaders evidently objected to his carrying the re-



A Swiss Peasant Home.

mainder of the funds out of the country, and resorted to the primitive expedient of burying them.

Already more than a million and a quarter has been recovered; and as there must be survivors of the war who know where the rest of the treasure is concealed, it ought not to be long before they lay hands on it—more particularly as the British authorities offer the finder half.

"What shall it profit a man," says One with authority, "if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

DO ANIMALS REASON?

When a bird selects a site for its nest, it seems on first view, as if it must actually think, reflect, compare, as you and I do when we decide where to place our house. I saw a little chirping sparrow trying to decide between two raspberry bushes. She kept going from one to the other, peering, inspecting, and apparently weighing the advantages of each. I saw a robin in the woodbine on the side of the house trying to decide which particular place was the best side for her nest. She hopped to this tangle or that, and sat down, then to that, she turned round, she readjusted herself, she looked about, she worked her feet beneath her, she was slow in making up her mind.

Did she make up her mind? Did she think, compare, weigh? I do not believe it. When she found the right conditions she no doubt felt a pleasure and satisfaction, and that settled her question. An

inward, instructive want was met and satisfied by an outward material condition.

In the same way the hermit crab goes from shell to shell upon the beach, seeking one to its liking. Sometimes two crabs fall to fighting over a shell that each wants. Can we believe that the hermit crab thinks and reasons? It selects the suitable shell instinctively, and not by an individual act of judgment.

Instinct is not always inerrant, though it makes fewer mistakes than reason does. The red squirrel usually knows how to come at the meat in the butternut with the least gnawing, but now and then he makes a mistake and strikes the edge of the kernel, instead of the flat side. The swift swallow will stick its mud nest under the eaves of a barn where the boards are planed so smooth that the nest sooner or later is bound to fall. It seems to have no judgment in the matter. Its ancestors built upon the face of high cliffs, where the mud adhered more firmly.—John Burroughs.

STAMPS WORTH HALF A MILLION.

The Earl of Crawford's famous collection of postage stamps, valued at over \$500,000, was on exhibition at the Collectors' Club in New York at a reception held in his honor two weeks ago.

Upon first learning of the Earl's coming to New York with his yacht *Vaillala*, to take part in the ocean race, the Collectors' Club appointed a reception committee to entertain him. When this committee made known its plans to entertain him, he offered to bring over his collection.

Lord Crawford, who is Vice-President of the London Philatelic Society, has been all his life an ardent stamp collector. He is known as a specialist, and one of his specialties is the gathering of everything pertaining to United States stamps, of which he is said to have the most complete collection in the world.

The collection was contained in four large heavily-bound chests. The stamps were arranged in forty volumes.

FOR BOYS TO REMEMBER.

That it takes more than muscle to make a man.
That plod is not priggishness,
That it requires pluck to be patient,
That selfishness is the most unmanly thing in the world.

That to follow the crowd is a confession of weakness.

That one real friend is worth a score of acquaintances.

That consideration for mother and sister does more to make a gentleman than the kind of a necklace he wears.

WELL DRILLED.

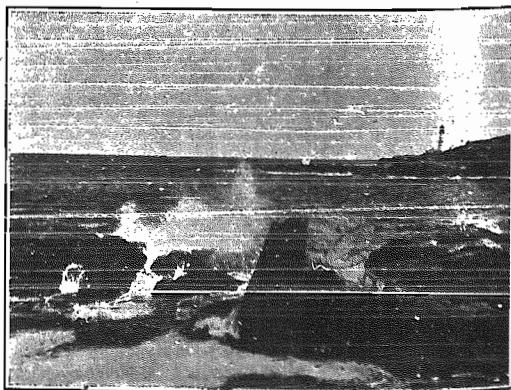
"Isn't he a funny insect?" said Wallie, looking at the centipede as it walked across the floor.

"Awfully funny. Looks like a parade, doesn't he?" said Molite.

"Yea," replied Wallie. "He must have been well drilled to march so well."



Among the 30,000 Islands of Georgian Bay.



On the Maine Sea Coast.

STEPHEN: Business Man and Christian

By Lieut.-Colonel Cuthbert.

The biographical details which have come down to us regarding Stephen are very scant. Nothing whatever is known of his parentage or the circumstances of his conversion. His name, of course, implies that he was a Gentile, and it may be that he was converted to Christianity through Peter's great sermon on the day of Pentecost, when some 3,000 persons of various nationalities were saved.

In Stephen we have a Biblical illustration of the practicability of combining religion with business. The position he occupied in the church required a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, and also fully informed and experienced in the affairs of everyday life. All of this Stephen could lay claim to. His duties as a deacon must have been different, of course, from those of the apostles, and his opportunities for doing so-called "Spiritual Work" were perhaps not quite equal to theirs; still, even if this were so, he would not allow it to hinder him from trying to do as much for the moral and spiritual welfare of the people as for their temporal and social.

A Busy Man.

He led a busy and trying life (to please murmurers and grumbliers is not easy), but through it all he managed to find time to do a large amount of good for the souls as well as the bodies of the people. He shewed a deep and genuine interest in the Grecian widows and their children, among whom, by choice, perhaps, as much as by appointment, he labored, and in return they loved and respected him. His business capacity and ability as an administrator was proved by the wisdom and tact which he displayed in dealing with difficult problems and awkward people. He was a great success and fully justified his appointment.

As time went on it became evident that Stephen was destined to exercise his gifts in a much wiser and more public sphere than in which he had originally been placed by apostolic appointment. His preaching, which was attended by the working of miracles, attracted great crowds and resulted in the conversion of many people.

All this greatly displeased the religious leaders at Jerusalem, and involved Stephen in serious trouble, resulting in his death.

Stephen's death, if we may say so, was worth dying, just as his life had been worth living. The privilege which he was granted in the hour and article of death, of seeing Jesus standing at the right hand of God (this is the only place in the New Testament where we read of Jesus "standing" at the right hand of God) eagerly watching and succouring His faithful soldier, must have been ample compensation for all his sufferings and tragic end. Every cross has its own corresponding crown. No cross, no crown. "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life." Stephen nobly, cheerfully, and to the very finish, carried his cross, and so received a crown—the crown of life which he had earned. No wonder that those associated with this warrior lamented his death (Acts viii. 2). His loss to the infant church, and to the poor women and children for whom he toiled, was very great. Here let me enquire, Do not the life and example of this Saint of God speak to us? He was a man of like passions as ourselves. Perhaps he had been trained for a business career. His selection to attend to certain business matters of the church did not render it impossible for him to be good. We cannot imagine that he divided his work into compartments, labelling one compartment secular and the other sacred. We rather believe that everything he did could be called spiritual on the principle that nothing in the life of a true soldier of Jesus Christ is secular. All he does should have some connection with God and His Kingdom.

"Ah, here's the Army!" cried a disputant. "Now we'll get it right: Can you tell me where God is?"

"Yes," replied the Adjutant's wife; "but first tell me where He is not!"

"She has you there!" shouted his opponent.

"I told you the Army would settle it," and a brisk sale of War Crys followed.

What is worth doing at all is worth doing well. First deliberate whether or not the doing of anything would benefit mankind or yourself. If not, then do not attempt it; but if so, then try with all your might.

A Spirit-Filled Man.

But Stephen was not only noted for his business ability and success; he was also known to be a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost. That was His spiritual condition or experience when he received a commission to champion the cause of the widows, and the fact that he continued to preach sermons, which resulted in souls being converted, and did great wonders and miracles among the people after he had accepted that commission, proves that he fully maintained this fulness of faith and of the Spirit. It is all nonsense to say that because a man is engaged in business that he cannot keep his soul right with God. This is to doubt God's ability and willingness to guard that which we commit to Him. What does it matter to God, whether a man is engaged in the Stock Exchange, Life Assurance work, or, indeed, any kind of honest, honorable employment, so long as his heart is right, and he walks uprightly before Him. The same motive and spirit which actuates us in our worship should actuate us in our work, whatever that work may be. We should strive to make our work worship, and be workers who have no need to be ashamed of our work. No matter what our vocation in life may be, we are sure to have temptations and difficulties, but if these things do for us what they are intended to do, they will send us to God for help and guidance. A safe line for the business man is to live in conscious dependance and nearness to God. The settled conviction that God is interested in you, is nearer and more real to you than any other person, not only gives inspiration, but supplies the strength and the stimulus which one needs to properly discharge the duties of life. Thank God the poorest and weakest may have as much of divine grace and help, as he needs, if he will only place himself and all his concerns in the hands of God. Because you have to earn the bread that perisheth by the sweat of your brow, that is no reason why your soul should not be right with God, or why you should not do all you can to help other folks into the enjoyment of full, present, and free salvation.

Everyone Has Opportunities.

Everyone has some opportunities of doing good and performing spiritual wonders, and nothing brings so much pleasure to the heart of God Himself as to see His servants devoting themselves whole-heartedly to the work of making others good and happy. Living up where God is helps us to live down among the poorest and vilest and to extend a helping hand to them. The service of humanity is the other side of the service of God. He that is faithful and successful in the one will be faithful and successful in the other. Here, then, is a worthy and inspiring motto for us: "Live for the glory of God and the god of mankind." May the Giver of all grace help us to measure, weigh, and assay all our thoughts, words, and deeds to this end, and as in His sight.

WHERE IS GOD?

In a midland town the Adjutant's wife, on a pub-boozing expedition, arrived in the midst of a heated theological argument.

"Ah, here's the Army!" cried a disputant.

"Now we'll get it right: Can you tell me where God is?"

"Yes," replied the Adjutant's wife; "but first tell me where He is not!"

"She has you there!" shouted his opponent.

"I told you the Army would settle it," and a brisk sale of War Crys followed.

My Ideal Local Officer.

My ideal local officer must be a man or woman after God's own heart; one whom everybody can see is daily living a life well pleasing in God's sight. He must truly realize the responsibilities resting upon him, and feel that God has placed him in the position he holds. He will use his God-given opportunities as he would like to have used them when he stands before the Great White Throne. His work must not be done as drudgery, nor merely through a sense of duty, but because he has

A Heart Filled with Love and is always ready to minister to others. If he is to carry out his duties in this way:

1. He must be properly converted—not one of those people who are saved when everything is easy, and as soon as difficulties come in the way send in their commission and give up the fight. No! He must be well saved—a good soldier of Jesus Christ, willing to endure hardness and go on at all costs.

2. He must have a clean heart. His life must be fully surrendered to God, holding nothing back. If there is any hindrance in his own soul—any secret sin—God will never be able to use him as He wants to use him. His soul must be clean. He must live in the knowledge of the fact that moment by moment he is kept by the power of God. His life must be hid with Christ in God.

3. He must be a real Salvationist, one thoroughly convinced that the Army is the place in which God wants him, and determined whatever comes he will always fight in its ranks.

If a local comes up to this standard, he will be one to whom any soldier in the corps can come when in trouble or difficulty and be sure of receiving sympathy and help, and that he may be safely confided in.

He will be loyal in every way to the principles and Regulations of the Army, and will encourage those under him to be the same.

And he will be an example to the soldiers in wearing uniform on every possible occasion, and when in civilian clothes will dress as becomes a true Salvationist.

In his attendance at indoor and outdoor meetings, in punctuality, and in readiness to pray and testify at every opportunity he will also be an example to his comrades.

He Will be a Man of Prayer.

Not only in the meetings will his prayers lift the people up to God, but alone in his own room he should be able to take hold of God and live in the spirit of prayer. Day by day, hour by hour, he ought to live in close communion with God. In fact, it should be as natural for him to pray as to breathe.

In his home, his daily life will correspond with his profession. He will, if he is the head of the house, do all in his power to bring his family up to love and serve God. They will gather at the family altar every night, and, if possible, every morning. If he is just one of the family, he will do his utmost to live Christ in the home, and his whole aim will be to get the rest of the family converted. He must so live that they shall see nothing in his home-life to contradict what he may do or say in the corps.

At his daily work he will be

An Example to His Workmates, who should know that he belongs to Christ, and he will not be content until he has won those who are estranged to God.

The ideal local must be patient, and always ready to help and strengthen his weaker comrades. Some are very apt to go astray, and need a lot of patient watching; but he will never tire of helping them in the fight, remembering that they have special difficulties he knows nothing of.

He must possess a heart filled with "a deep, burning love for souls"; always ready in season and out of season to deal with sinners and bring them to the Cross.—The Local Officer.

THE WAR CRY.



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Editorial.

A REMARKABLE S.D. VICTORY.

The returns of Self-Denial Week have not yet been completed, but already the total received exceeds all previous records, and there is every indication that, when all returns have been made, it will reach \$35,000. This would be an advance of \$7,500 over last year's total. For this extraordinary increase we praise God from our hearts, for it means greater progress of the war to which we have consecrated our lives. It also implies that the officers and soldiers have whole-heartedly carried out the instructions so necessary to success, and lastly, that the general public more than ever before appreciates the Army's labor, and is ready to express its appreciation in the practical way of helping it with their substance. Our sincere thanks are due to the donors, honor to the willing workers, and deepest gratitude to God, by whose blessing such a splendid victory was made possible.

PEACE AMONG NATIONS.

We cannot do better than to continue to pray on behalf of the peace negotiations between Japan and Russia, that by the mercies of God the hearts of the rulers and their advisors may be divinely guided, and speedily a permanent peace may be concluded. We are mindful of the approach made; of the humane and wise note which President Roosevelt sent to the Powers concerned, and the courteous spirit of the respective replies. Let our faith remain firm and our prayers fervent. Our God will hear.

ON WHICH SIDE IS YOUR INFLUENCE?

On which side is your influence? Do you talk platitudes, and pray verbiacous nothings on behalf of peace, while your mind revels in the sensations caused by the reports of war? or do you profess to be a follower of Christ, and yet continue to talk of war as divinely sanctioned? Verily, God no more sanctions war than any other sin, and will not hold the responsible parties guiltless. Let us closely examine our own heart in this respect.

THE PRESS AND WAR.

While there is a good and powerful section of the press which strives to present news truthfully, and abate those passions which create war, or a desire for it, yet there are, alas! too many newspapers still very anxious to publish sensational news, and this section exaggerates every rumor of friction between Governments, fans the flame of hatred by "scare-lines" at the head of their news columns, and by denunciations and passionate language throws sparks upon the dry tinder of the popular thirst for new sensations, until trivial causes become the sources of wars between nations.

We regret that recent rumors of disagreement over the question of reforms in the

Government of Morocco led to serious discussions between Germany and France, affecting also Great Britain. That the situation is delicate must be admitted, but that it should lead to war is not necessary. At this stage of the world's progress there should be sufficient strength, ability, and conscience among the leaders of the nations concerned to settle the points in question by arbitration. Surely calm deliberation of capable representatives will find grounds upon which they can agree and come to an understanding upon the points of difference. May God help us also, not only to pray for peace between Russia and Japan, but upon the ground that "prevention is better than cure," pray that war may be avoided, and the "jingo press" may find a better use for its activity.

The Commissioner IN BERMUDA.

Great Outpouring of the Spirit in All Meetings and 137 Seekers Registered.

(Special.)

Commissioner's Bermudian campaign magnificent triumph. Crowded meetings. One hundred and thirty-seven seekers at the mercy seat. Great outpourings of the Spirit. Field Day held, which was a Crystal Palace on a small scale. At Hamilton's welcome meeting His Honor Chief Justice Gollan presided. Our leader had interesting interview with the Governor-General, Sir Robert McGregor Stewart. Full illustrated report next Cry.—Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire.

Commissioner's Comments.

The Chief Secretary's Movements.

As stated in a previous War Cry, quite a number of Staff Officers from the Territorial Headquarters are away on special missions in different parts of the Territory, and now the Chief Secretary himself is going West on very important Salvation Army business.

While the Chief Secretary is in Winnipeg he is taking the opportunity of saying farewell to the comrades there. May the meetings be full of blessing, and result in what is dear to the Colonel's heart, namely, the salvation of many souls.

The question naturally arises as to what are the movements of the Chief Secretary prior to his putting down the reins of office at the Territorial Headquarters. He will visit London, Ont., on July 9th, during the great camp meetings there, and bid farewell to the comrades at the same time. His farewell Sunday in Toronto will be on July 16th, when he will visit Lincoln St. corps in the morning, and the Temple at night.

The Great Farewell and Commissioning of Cadets.

On Monday, July 17th, at the Temple, I shall conduct the Colonel's great final farewell meeting, and at the same time commission the Cadets from the Training Home. This will be a great and important gathering. It is most appropriate that the commissioning of the Cadets should take place at the same time that the Colonel bids us farewell, as he has had a great deal to do with the Training Home, and his going will serve as a great inspiration to the Cadets, seeing that at the word of command he marches on with a great deal less certainty as to his future than they themselves will have.

There will also be a special meeting of the Territorial Officers and officers from corps surrounding Toronto at a farewell cup of tea, and

and I am hoping also that we shall get from the Colonel a farewell message through the pages of the War Cry to the comrades in all parts of his old battlefield whom he cannot see. How much he would like to visit them all. Seeing this is impossible, he will try and reach them all by his pen. Let everyone bear him, and his dear wife and family, up to the throne of grace.

Whither Bound?

Where is the Colonel going? and what is he going to do? These are questions that will naturally arise in many minds. Well, here goes—the Colonel will sail for London early in August to confer with the General himself concerning his next appointment and future work. While I am not at liberty to say what that appointment and work will be, yet I can say that it is likely to be of such a character as will give evidence of the high esteem in which the Colonel and his dear wife are held by their leaders, and will have far-reaching effects the world over.

Mrs. Jacobs Will Stay a While Longer.

Mrs. Jacobs and family will be remaining in Toronto for some little time, and while the separation from the Colonel will be keenly felt by her, yet, like the true soldier she is, she gladly accepts the will of her leaders.

While speaking of Mrs. Jacobs, I ought to mention what a splendid soldier she has been in Toronto, and how glad the comrades of the Yorkville corps will be to know that she is to remain a little longer to fight side by side with them. I shall also be glad to avail myself of her willing services from time to time.

Our Next Chief Secretary.

Who succeeds Colonel Jacobs? The General has been pleased to appoint Lieut.-Colonel Kyle, Editor of the Australian periodicals, to the position of Chief Secretary of this Territory. He has a long and successful career behind him, having served not only in Australia in various capacities, but also in the United Kingdom and the United States of America.

I bespeak for our new Chief Secretary, and his dear wife and family, a most hearty and loyal welcome. He comes with the love and confidence of our dear General, as well as that of his present leader and comrades.

To me he and his dear wife are not strangers, they having served under me when I was in charge of the work in the Australasian Colonies, and I welcome them with all my heart, and rejoice to feel that they will worthily take up the reins laid down by dear Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs, and stand, as they have done, for out-and-out Salvationism.

The War Cry will have more to say in future issues concerning the outgoing and incoming Chief Secretaries. May God graciously pour His Spirit upon them, and give to this Territory a mighty flood-tide of salvation.—T. B. C.

The General in Australia.

Storms and Floods—Tasmania's Brilliant Success—200 Souls for the Week.

(By Cable.)

Melbourne, June 6th.

The General's plans were considerably interrupted by storms and floods, which occasioned the missing of boats and mails, but only one meeting.

Tasmania was, from every point, a brilliant success, while Bendigo proved a glorious fight.

Altogether two hundred souls were captured for the week.

The General is in perfect form.

Now for Melbourne!

—Nicol.



The Prince of Peace and the Victim of War.

FIELD BULLETINS

LIEUT.-COLONEL AND MRS. SHARP AT FREDERICTON.

Provincial Staff and Soul-Saving Troupe also Helped—S.-D. Target Crippled.

Since last report we have been steadily firing away at the ranks of Satan. God has honored our efforts and we pray for the result.

Our Self-Denial Troupe is here. We were able to smash our S.-D. Target.

We have just returned from a week end visit from our Provincial Staff. The week end visit were times of great interest. The meetings were conducted Saturday night and were lighted with the music. The meetings were conducted by Ensign Campbell. Sunday morning we had a good knee-drill. The business meeting was held and to the point. Again Ensign from the Word. Two souls surrendered.

Wednesday evening meeting was good; conviction was strong. No souls yielded. Mrs. Sharp very earnestly spoke out the truths of the Gospel. At night the tent was taken by the Colonel. He very ably and forcibly spoke to a large audience. Three souls surrendered to God at night, making a total of five for the day.

Monday night a grand musical meeting was the announcement, and such it proved to be. The crowd was not large, owing to several other entertainments being in town, but the music was good and enjoyed by all, we believe.

We all welcome the Colonel and Mrs. Sharp, and their assistants, back again soon.—C. H. Mac.

MRS. BRIGADIER SOUTHALL AT CALGARY.

A Large and Interested Audience at the Central Methodist Church.

Mrs. Brigadier Southall visited Calgary June 8th, and delivered an address in the Central Methodist Church in furtherance of the work over which she has supervisory control.

The Rev. G. H. Kirby occupied the chair, and spoke at some length in terms most eulogistic of the Rescue department of the Army, instancing several pathetic scenes during his ministry in Calgary, which found ready endorsement by the audience of the vital necessity of some such a Home, declaring that it is incumbent upon the Christian Church of every sect, the Government, and the city officials, to see these institutions maintained.

"So thoroughly satisfied am I," said the reverend gentleman, "with the work of this Home that if Mrs. Adams, the Matron, will ask me, I will accompany her in canvassing the city for funds to wipe off the debt."

The corps band was in attendance. Staff-Capt. Ayre spoke kindly and appreciatively of the church management Board in placing the church, free of any charge, at the disposal of the corps. Mr. Cushing, as is his usual wont towards the Army, gave cheerful testimony and help. Mrs. Adams, the Matron, reviewed the work since the Home's inception, and her report was received with much satisfaction.

Mrs. Southall's address upon the Rescue Work throughout the Dominion was listened to with almost breathless silence, interspersed with hearty applause and tears as she related of how deserted girls in utterable plight had been rescued; of how feebleness of infant and age had been nursed back to robust activity. She exploded the popular fallacies of "once fallen, fallen for ever." So profoundly impressed was the audience that at the close a collection in money and promises exceeded one hundred dollars, augmented by several large sums promised the next day.

Mrs. Southall's visit was a spiritual and material blessing, securing the co-operation and sympathy that will place Calgary Rescue Home beyond an encumbered state.—J. T. T. B.

MRS. BRIGADIER SOUTHALL'S TOUR.

A Treat for Vancouver—Audience Well Impressed.

The Vancouver corps and friends of the Army who were present to hear an address from Mrs. Brigadier Southall on "Social Derelicts and Their Rescue," at the barracks last night enjoyed a rare treat. All we are sorry for is that the evening being so fine, and so many counter attractions—such as band concerts, etc.—the attendance was smaller than it should have been.

Dr. W. B. McKechnie occupied the chair. The doctor is a true friend of the Army and is the Rescue Home physician, devoting much of his time and talent (without remuneration) to help the good

work. Dr. McKechnie, in introducing Mrs. Brigadier Southall, as the leader of this branch of the S. A. Social Work in Canada, spoke encouragingly of the work done here, and was sure that if the people understood it better, they would tender it their support financially.

Mrs. Brigadier Southall, on rising to speak, received a right royal Western welcome. She is an eloquent and interesting speaker and held the attention of her audience and brought tears to the eyes by many of her pathetic references to so many and stories of wretched lives, and again setting hearts aglow by telling of the good work done in rescuing the lost ones and restoring them to lives of purity through Him who bought us by His precious blood. We feel that this meeting shall bear fruit. We feel that the short visit of Mrs. Brigadier Southall to our city has already produced good and will prove a blessing to many.

Miss Smith, the Matron of the Rescue Home here, was present and at the meeting a very creditable report of her work.—H. N. M. N.

DISTRICT NOTES.

Colonel's Best Foot—Souls

At No. 100, 10th Street, a meeting was made. On Sunday, June 10th, the 10th Street United Bandmaster and Mrs. Sharp, assisted by Capt. Wicher, of St. S. A. Corps, gave a famous illustrated talk in the Interior of Japan. In the evening, Mr. Ferren, the bandmaster, creditably manipulated the band, and most 100. Mr. Wicher made some interesting remarks regarding the Army. He was personally acquainted with Col. Cole and other S. A. officers. He told us of the cent Sailor's Home in Tokio, which was managed by managers \$1,600 debt; so they decided to go over to the Army, and the Army not only kept going into debt, but made a profit of \$1,000 per year. This expression brought from many pleasure.

Major and Mrs. Phillips, assisted by Mrs. Thompson and Capt. Urquhart, conducted Sunday meetings at No. V.

Colonel and Mrs. Sharp, assisted by the Major and his wife, and all the H. Q. Staff, led the weekly meeting at Carleton on Monday. The barracks was well filled with a splendid crowd of intelligent listeners. The Colonel had his best foot to the front. A real old-time prayer meeting, fought with vigor and directed with much skill, brought three souls to the cross. It was of necessity that we had to close to catch the last boat to the city. Capt. Wallace White, our wiry traveling Trade Agent, steps into the gap at this corps, made vacant by Ensign Prince, to hold on for a week. The Captain's program for that time is "chock a block" between white suits, blue suits, lectures on Ber-

muda, telephone service, etc. Look out for something spicy from this quarter.

No. II. was favored with the brand new troop on Thursday evening. It is composed of some Eastern expert musicians, viz: Capt. Thos. Urquhart, leader; Capt. Ritchie, Lieut. Emer. Ensign Martin, and Lieut. Sells. They are starting out on a three-months' tour.

Capt. Munro and Lieut. Bigelow are jubilant over the progress of the work at their corps. The soul at the cross is a sight to make one rejoice. Friday night's holiness meeting was pronounced by all veterans the breaking of fallow ground that shall bear for a mighty upheaval of God's work in this part of the city.

Just as the scribbles was finishing his notes word came along that Adj't. and Mrs. Cooper are farewelling from St. John corps and District. More later.—Burning Bush.

SPECIAL EVENTS AT THE TEMPLE.

The Training College Principal Holds Forth—Farewell to J. S. Sergeant-Major.

The Temple was favored last Sunday by a visit from Brigadier and Mrs. Taylor. The meetings throughout the day were times of real blessing and power, the Brigadier's forcible addresses striking every time.

The evening service was marked by the farewell of Capt. Peacock, of the Trade Department, who, after eleven years of Salvation Army service at the centre of affairs, is leaving Toronto to take an appointment as Divisional Scribe of the New Ontario Division, under Brigadier Collier, at Galt. Capt. Peacock will be missed at the Temple, particularly in the junior work, where he has held the responsible position of J. S. Sergeant-Major with credit for the past two years. We wish him every success in his new appointment.

Very excellent vocal and instrumental music and band and songsters characterized the service. The attendances were good, and at the close of the service the Brigadier's red-hot salvation address three times received a standing ovation.

It seems to be the order of the day, and Mrs. Coombs, who have done a long and useful term at the Temple, will farewell to the corps. They will be succeeded by ——A. D.

AND, N.D. We are sorry to report that our much-loved officers, Lieuts. Elliott, Hill, have farewelled from our corps. They have been with us for two years, and during that time quite a number of souls have professed salvation. We pray that they will find a new corps in their next appointment. Capt. Elliott and Capt. Marsh have gone to the summer months; we very much miss them. —Emily J. Oxford, Corps-Cadet.



Among the Islands of the Ottawa River.

ST. THOMAS. We are just in the heat of the battle at this centre. A week-end visit from Brigadier Southall to the front.

Southall will long be remembered. The band marched to the station full force, with that beautiful old song, "Jesus, the name high over all" (to the tune of "Congress"). All gave the Brigadier a hearty welcome to the Railroad City. We had a splendid service at the Citadel. The Brigadier favored us with one of his salvation songs. His address was very powerful, and was eagerly devoured by a goodly crowd. The talk on Paul and Silas tended to bless and encourage all. Sunday morning, afternoon, and night services were splendid. The Brigadier was at his best. At night building packed; subject, "The conquering hero." Two souls was the visible result, and \$20 collections. It may be worthy of note that our Secretary, Bro. Greenwood, and Sister Sherratt were recently united in the bonds of matrimony. Building packed, crowds turned away. The service was conducted by Brigadier Hargrave and Major Rawling. We one and all wish them God-speed in their new career.—John Strain, War Cor.

BURIN. During another week God has richly blessed us. Capt. Nosworthy walked a distance of fourteen miles to the outpost, Mortier Bay, holding three meetings. The Spirit of God was felt, and at the close eleven souls sought pardon. She also sold a number of War Crys, which went like hot cakes. We are believing for a mighty outpouring of the Spirit and the salvation of many souls.

SOO, Mich. We entered our S.-D. campaign. Did their duty, determined to score a victory over the enemy. Although the fight was hard and long, we kept up a steady combat until the victory was complete. When all the returns were counted we found our target was reached. One dear old warrior, Bro. Shields, collecting \$10, declared very often, when asked how it was going, "Well, I have done my duty." While collecting dollars and cents we brought one precious soul to the Saviour.

PETERBORO. On Thursday we were favored with a visit from Ensign Bloss.

We had a good time, and we commenced our special summer open-air campaign, which we believe will be a success. God was very near to us in the inside meeting; great conviction was felt, but none relented. On Sunday God wonderfully blessed our efforts. In the morning one comrade came out for the blessing of a clean heart, and at night, after a hard fight, we rejoiced over six in the fountain. To God be all the glory.—Jabez.

ST. JOHN III. We are still fighting against the 5 Seakers. Powers of sin, and God is honoring our efforts in the salvation of souls. Friday night three came forward for salvation and two for sanctification. Believing for greater victories.—Soldier.

CHARLOTTETOWN. We can report a good half-night of prayer on Wednesday, and a fine junior's concert, in aid of S.-D., on Tuesday, for which see Young Soldier. The funeral of Mrs. McDonald, an Army adherent, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Granham, took place on Monday. Ensign and Mrs. Squarebushes, of the U. S. war, home on furlough, took the meeting Sunday night. They are brave warriors. The Ensign's talk on "The bells of the Bible," made a deep impression. Five souls lately—one for re-consecration and four for salvation. 2 Tim. 11. 15. H.

WHITNEY PIER, C.B. We have won a great S.-D. triumph. We have proved God has proved Himself again to the powers of darkness. Despite the powers of darkness, we reached our S.-D. target. Whilst collecting, we met Mr. Archer, Manager of the Archer & Postmaster Biograph Concert, at Victoria Road, where they were giving a series of excellent entertainments, and we are pleased to say they were glad to donate to the Self-Denial fund. The members were thoroughly in sympathy with the great work done by the S. A. Many other friends helped us. We give God all the glory.—A true soldier, R. E. B.

HALIFAX SHELTER. Many things tend to dis-
Bread Cast Upon courage and hinder the
the Waters. work of God. Since we
commenced Shelter work in our city things sometimes seem to be against us, but by God's help we have been casting our bread upon the waters of life. Many a dear soul partook of it and claimed salvation, but most of them, being sailors, we have not seen again. However, Sunday morning Ensign Parsons cheered our hearts by telling us of a dear man who got saved in the spring whom we have not seen since, but, thank God, he wrote the Ensign from Jersey City last week, asking for the date of his conversion, and telling him that he was still right with God and enjoying His smile and favor. Praise God for His wonderful love. I am glad to say that Ensign Parsons, who has been very sick, has improved wonderfully during the last two weeks, and we trust are long, by the blessing of God to see her at the battle's front again. Yours in the fight, Sergt. J. M. P.



FAIRVILLE, N.B.

Since last report we have S.-D. Target Smashed. been having wonderful times. First, we smashed our S.-D. target of \$65 to smithereens, having the honor of being second in the Province. Hallelujah! Sunday we had with us Mrs. Lieut-Colonel Sharp, assisted by the Provincial Staff, also Adj't. Heckstead and Ensign Wood, of the Rescue Home Staff.

A very nice crowd gathered in the Grand Hall both afternoon and night. Praise God. Finances best yet. Thursday the people of Fairville were surprised to see a Salvation Army band coming up Main St., playing, "What a Friend we have in Jesus." It was the new band from St. John I. This is the first time for many years that an Army band was in Fairville. Although recently started, they did excellent service, under the leadership of Bandmaster Hughes, from the Old land. The big musical meeting was led by Lieut-Colonel Sharp, our worthy P. O. A nice crowd gathered to listen to the music. Selections, quartets, and solos followed, and Capts. Riley and Ogilvie treated us to fine manooïn and guitar duet. Best of all, we had one soul for salvation and others deeply convicted. We are sorry to hear that Capt. Ogilvie will be saying good-bye very soon. We will miss him very much.—P. C. Clark, Lieut.

LITTLE WARD'S ISLAND, Nfld. Lieut. H. Will-
8 Soule at Farewell.

shire has said good-bye to this corps and proceeded to St. John's council. We are sorry to part with him, for we loved him well. Sunday, June 4th, the Lieutenant conducted his farewell. The hearts of the unsaved were touched and eight precious souls knelt at the mercy seat. Some were real hard cases. Since the Lieutenant came to this corps, twelve months ago, he has had the joy of leading over seventy souls to the King of kings, and has recently enrolled five recruits under the flag. War Crys sell like hot cross buns in cold weather.—Yours, Ernest G. Hender, a soldier.

VANCOUVER, B.C. Sunday afternoon, special Two dedications.

dedication service, conducted by Staff-Capt. Goodwin, was held, when Bro. and Sister O'Neill's little boy, Peter, and Bro. and Sister Wardell's little daughter, Bernice May, were dedicated to God. Brothers and Sisters O'Neill and Wardell are true blood-and-fire soldiers, and we know that as long as they continue to be they will bring up their dear ones in the way they should go. At this season of the year the work is doubly hard on account of so many worldly influences—band concerts, games, excursions, and going to the different pleasure resorts, etc.—but despite all this the good work goes on, and by God's grace we will fight the battle through. Hallelujah! —H. N. M. N.

LONDON. Very special soldiers' meeting Jones Sisters and Band News.

last Wednesday; glorious time. The Jones Sisters have come and had their first meeting. Sunday was a great day for the Army, with six souls out for salvation at night. The sisters are sweet singers and wise in their choice of songs. They are doing good service, and are with us for two weeks more. Our brass band, under the teaching of Provincial Bandmaster Wilson, is making some grand advances. The bandmen have all swallowed the new Provincial Bandmaster wholesale. He is not only all right in the musical line, but is a spiritual man, with a backbone. God bless him. We are purchasing new music, and hope soon to have a new set of instruments, costing about \$200. London band hopes to come up to anything in the country.—Yours winning, F. C. K.

ST. JOHN'S, Nfld. We have had some very Ten Wanderers Return. good times or late. Last week the Lord poured out His Spirit upon our little corps, and we had the joy of seeing ten souls coming to the cross and getting their sins forgiven, the majority of them being wanderers. We are trusting in the Lord and believing for more. It is our delight to see them come. Our corps is in good working order. The soldiers are all on fire, enjoying the blessing of salvation. Some are going to the fishery and some to other parts, but we are never going to give in. A few weeks ago the Lord took from our midst Brother Christian. We believe that he has gone to the Celestial City. His last testimony in the barracks was that his robes were washed in the blood of the Lamb. Sinners, take the warning—

We cannot tell who next may fall

Beneath the heavenly ro.

One must be first, but let us all

Prepare to meet our God.

Sergt.-Major Hutchings.

OTTAWA II.

Capt. Ash and Lieut. Smith Farewell.

Kindly bear with bad spelling.

By request I am telling

Of the officers' farewelling at Ottawa II.

"Twas the soldiers who did it

(Don't tell them I said it),

But they won the good credit for knowing what to do;

For they kept it all quiet—

A luxurious diet—

And I'll not deny it—it could not be beat!

To the farewellers' notion,

What a happy communion,

Such an unlooked-for ocean of good things to eat!

To the officers going

The comrades were showing,

And don't mind them knowing, their sorrow to part.

Capt. Ash, with his singing,

Capt. Smith always bringing,

With ways that are swiftness, some cheer to each heart.

They are sorry to lose them,

God willing, they'd change them,

And would not abuse them, it stay on they could;

But to keep them from rusting,

In God they are trusting,

With His wisdom adjusting all things for their good.

—Sahc. Tida.

SUMMERSIDE, P.E.I. Great excitement over S.-D. Target Smashed.

our Self - Denial effort.

Prizes given for the best collectors.

Competition is the life of trade.

Our target of \$160 was smashed to pieces.

The Captain, who has been alone for six weeks, is a hustler.

Easter War Crys were all sold out, and twelve souls came forward for salvation.

Welcome to the new Lieutenant, who arrived just in time to assist with S.-D.

With such officers as Capt. F. White and Lieut. Miller we are bound to win.—M. and S.

RIVERDALE. On Sunday evening we had de-

5 Souls. Fully claimed five souls, and the

Lord gave us just what we had

asked for. Quite a number of others were also con-

victed of sin, though they refused to surrender.

The Lord was with us in mighty power, and we not only

had the joy of seeing others blessed, but also re-

ceived a blessing in our own souls. Ensign Howell

spoke to us with even more than his usual force and

directness on the harvest or sin—"Whatever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

We trust that the work will go on and that we shall see more of the young people coming to Christ. We believe that the juniors of Riverdale, and of the Army in general,

will yet be its strength and glory.—E. Waish, Cadet.

SOO, Mich. Since hearing from this part of

Re-Consecration, the battlefield we have been

marching forward to victory. On

Sunday we had a good day and one good case of

salvation. Our soldiers meeting on Tuesday was

a very blessed time indeed. A goodly number of

comrades met, and we all agreed on giving ourselves

more fully to God for the fight. May the Spirit ever

be among us working and confirming His Word

with signs following. More anon.—P. E. W.

BELLEVILLE. During the past five

50 Souls in Five Months, months over fifty souls

have knelt at the cross

and cried for mercy. We also smashed our S.-D.

target, which was \$125, and sent it in on time, al-

though we are rather late in reporting it. Since

then we have cleared off a debt of \$66.50 which has

been standing for some time. Our soldiers know

how to work, as well as pray. We are now looking

forward to a visit from our Commissioner, which

will be much appreciated by all.—M. Gibson, Capt.

SARNIA. We have just finished the

The Jones Sisters, special meetings conducted by

the Jones Sisters. What a

blessed time we have had. Large crowds of people

attended our open-air meetings, where the sweet

singing and music would cause people to stop and listen. Sunday's meetings were especially blessed.

In the afternoon Sister Eva Jones took the lesson,

and made a strong appeal to sinners to get ready

to meet God. Miss Minnie read from the Word of

God at the evening meeting and spoke with great

power. On Monday we drove twelve miles to Court-

right, and held a grand meeting. Wednesday we had a glorious time. Adj't. and Mrs. Sims, our D. O.'s,

were present on the occasion, this being their fare-

well from the District. We had also our comrades

and officers from across the river and the Port

Huron brass band, which filled the air around Sarnia

with music. Thursday we said farewell to the Jones Sisters. During their nine days' stay in Sarnia they have made many friends, who will be

glad to welcome them back.—One who was there.

SKAGWAY, Alaska. We have spent ten months

Ten Happy Months. in this town, and now the

time to depart has come. How

wonderfully God has helped us, and how kind the

people have been to us. God bless them. Captain

prayed and sang in the bar-rooms on Sunday night,

Monday a number came to our last meeting to wish

us well. Dr. Parsons, of the Methodist Church,

spoke with great power. Miss R. Baker sang and

prayed for us. We all joined together in singing.

"I will follow Thee, my Saviour," and pledged

ourselves to God, the war, and souls.—A. B. S.

LITTLE BAY ISLAND, Nfld. Once again we On the Move. have to report victory through the blood. Sunday a dear girl with a broken heart knelt at Jesus' feet and claimed pardon, and the following week also a beloved returned to the fold. Soldiers and friends are now returning home from the Bay for the season. Our S. D. target was smashed to pieces, the banquet proving a great help and success. Easter and Self-Denial War Cry went like hot cakes on a wintry morning. Brother W. T. Marsh, who has been a soldier for twelve months, has donned the red guernsey and is a Candidate for the field; other Candidates are expected here.—E. J. Oxford, Corps-Cadet.

HANT'S HARBOR, Nfld. During the past two weeks we have had the joy of seeing five precious souls coming to Jesus. May they be kept faithful. Quite a number of our soldiers have farewell and gone to the fishery. Lieut. Whitman has also said good-bye, after six months' fight. We felt sorry to part with her.—P. S., for Capt. Fecte.

ST. JOHN'S, I., Nfld. This corps is going on to Standing on the Roof. victory. The past week was a good one. Heavenly influences felt, and six souls taken for King Jesus. The band is doing well and is a great attraction for the crowds. One woman was seen standing on the roof of her house so that she could have a good look. Adj't. Williams is a hustler, and things have to move when he is around.—J.

MORTON'S HARBOR, Nfld. On Wednesday, the The Ranks Recruited. 21st, our hearts were again made glad by the presence of our D. O., who conducted a dedication service, in which Capt. and Mrs. Stickland's little baby boy, Cecil Norman, was given to God and the Army. As the ensign spoke to the young, many hearts were touched, and desired to be better. A number of converts have taken their stand beneath the tri-colored flag, and are proving to be good and loyal soldiers. Two souls have recently come to God. We are praying that many others ere long will be found at the mercy seat.—E. LeDrew, Lieut.

WINNIPEG. The 24th of May will in Hallelujah Wedding. future be remembered by the soldiers of Winnipeg corps as the day Joe got married. Joe is well-known in Winnipeg, and, bless God, he's well saved. About five hundred turned out to see Joseph Chapman and Sister Mary Simpson Smith made one by Brigadier Burditt, who conducted them to the platform amid a blaze of music from the band. The ceremony was commenced by prayer, led by Ensign Lacey and Mrs. Staff-Capt. Taylor. Staff-Capt. Taylor then read the 21st Psalm. The Brigadier appointed representatives to speak on behalf of single and married people present. Adj't. Hicks spoke for the single, and asked God's blessing upon the couple about to be married. After the Hallelujah Medley March, from the band, Adj't. Alward spoke for married people generally. He felt sure Joe would tell them it was the best thing all could do. Mrs. Alward sang, "It's a good thing to have the love of Jesus with you," before Brigadier told us that he had often seen homes of care and sorrow, but believed that God would make those happy who fully trusted Him. It was wonderful how God blessed homes where His name was first. Joe had been a good soldier and deserved a good wife. Another solo preceded the reading of the Articles of Marriage, and the contracting parties were made one under the blood-stained banner, uplifted by 250 lbs. of salvation in the person of Brother Bob Lyons. The bride was supported by Sister Annie Gray, while the groom had Capt. Hector Hawkirk. Brigadier asked all who wanted to know how Joe felt to say "Amen." Joe said he was saved, and glad to be able still to fight on in the ranks of the Army. Refreshments were served, with Mrs. Chapman as hostess, and the interesting ceremony was brought to a close by singing, "Praise God, from whom all blessing flow."—R. D. K.

WINNIPEG. Let everything that Seeking Greater Things. breathes praise the Lord. Our Saviour, Jesus, is giving His message through us, and many are seeking salvation. This week ten have knelt at the penitent form, pleading for pardon of sins. The Almighty Father heard their prayer through Christ, the intercessor. Expectation is high for a mighty outpouring of the Spirit this summer. The revival is starting; our hearts are reaching out to greater heights. At our soldiers' meeting last week the Lord's mighty hand was upon us. All who were present (save about six) knelt at the front seeking for more divine light. How we did get blessed in our souls. We believe God is calling us to higher sanctifying grace. Capt. Britton has just returned from Selkirk, where he and several soldiers of this corps conducted services on Sunday. They report the meetings crowded, and, best of all, three cried for mercy, obtaining pardon. Sister Gray, one of our local officers, received sad news of the serious illness of her sister in England, and will in a few days sail for home. She has been a great blessing to many a discouraged one, and we hope to see her back again in a few months. We are praying for more souls.—R. D. K.

JAMESTOWN, N.D. The Lord has been doing good things for us. No great rush, but a few are getting saved from their sins. We have had specials galore. Let them come; we have enjoyed all so far. Staff-Capt. Taylor's visit was a blessing to us, the soldiers' meeting particularly. G. B. M. Ensign J. Mercer has come and gone. We know him so well that we look on him almost as one of our own comrades. Ensign always has a good house at his lantern entertainment here. Capt. Peacock and his Lieutenant, in charge of Valley City corps, came up to see Adj't. Hayes on business, and gave us a good meeting. We are looking ahead to a visit from more of the Valley City comrades. Last week Adj't. Hayes drove seventeen miles in the country and held a meeting at Sgt.-Major's home. Continuing in the strength of our King.—C. Marlett, Corps Correspondent.

FOREST. Good meetings all day Bro. Duncan Farewells. Sunday. God's power felt, especially at night. Room packed. Great sermon on "Power" given by Bro. Duncan, who also said a few words of farewell to us. We shall miss him greatly as he was a good help to us, but we believe our loss will be someone else's gain.—E. F.

THE BLOOD-AND-FIRE BRIGADE.

Larimore, N.D.—On May 2nd we had a visit from our Provincial Officer, Brig. Burditt, accompanied by Adj't. Alward and the Blood-and-Fire Brigade. We had a large attendance and everyone thoroughly enjoyed both open-air and indoor services. Although none yielded many were convicted of their need of salvation through the Brigadier's soul-stirring words. Tuesday, the 23rd, we said good-bye to Capt. Hogan and Bro. Ward, who have worked faithfully in the Brigade. While sorry to lose them, yet we are delighted to have Adj't. and Mrs. McRae and their assistant, Brigade Officer Jorgensen, remain with us. We all appreciate their untiring efforts during the week's special meetings. Two definite cases of conversion cheered us, and both converts are taking their stand nobly in the open air and on the platform. God bless them! The special meetings were brought to a close Tuesday, May 30th, and the brave soldiers of Larimore corps installed as leaders, while the Brigade, accompanied by Capt. Barner and Envoy Gilbert, started on a Self-Denial tour. Adj't. McRae served well as teamster and pilot. We had many interesting experiences driving from one place to another, putting forth every effort to make our S.-D. a sweeping success. We all thoroughly enjoyed ourselves, and were treated with the greatest of kindness, especially by the farmers' wives, who gave us freely boiling water and good new milk to make the inevitable cup of tea. God bless them. We held several open-air meetings on this trip, and the great appreciation of the people was shown both by their interest and the liberal way in which they responded to the freewill offerings. Many had never seen a Salvationist before, and the poke bonnet and Army cap were novel indeed. We arrived home again Saturday, June 3rd, tired, but happy in the knowledge that we had done our best to help and bless the people we met, and more than reached our S.-D. target. Now we must bid good-bye to our dear leaders, Adj't. and Mrs. McRae, also Officer Jorgensen. We are sorry to part with them, but their godly influence has been a blessing and inspiration to all, and we wish them God-speed in the continuation of their special meetings in other parts of the battlefield.—One of the Party.

WHAT A DIFFERENCE.

An old inventory of the Mohawk and Hudson Railroad, dated January 1st, 1833, gives the following as the total rolling stock of the road at that time: Three locomotives (the "John Bull," the "DeWitt Clinton," and "The Experiment"), three carriages accommodating twelve passengers each, nine accommodating nine each, two accommodating six each, and three accommodating eighteen each; a total capacity of 183.

In contrast with this it is interesting to quote a few figures of to-day. The present equipment of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, of which the Mohawk and Hudson is a part, includes 1,851 locomotives (with 76 in process of construction), and 1,177 passenger cars with a capacity of 76,962 passengers. These figures do not include officers', pay, or baggage cars. In addition to these surprising figures there are 277 Pullmans in daily service on the New York Central.

GUTTA-PERCHA.

Gutta-percha is the dried, milky juice of various trees, in the peninsula of Malacca and the Malay Archipelago. The trees sometimes attain a height of seventy feet, and the trunk is sometimes three or even four feet in diameter, although it is of little use as a timber tree, the wood being spongey. For the introduction of gutta-percha, in 1843, we are indebted chiefly to Dr. Wm. Montgomerie, of the Indian Medical Service, who was rewarded with the gold medal of the Society of Arts. The great value of gutta-percha arises from the ease with which it can be worked, and its being so complete a non-conductor of electricity.

OUR HISTORY CLASS.

V.—THE ENGLISH

Chapter XXXII.

JAMES I.—A.D. 1602-1625.

After Queen Elizabeth's death, the next heir was James, the son of Mary of Scotland and of Henry Stewart. He was the sixth James who had been King of Scotland, and had reigned there ever since his mother had been driven away. He had been brought up very strictly by the Scottish Reformers, who had made him very learned, and kept him under great restraint; and all that he had undergone had tended to make him very awkward and strange in his manners. He was very timid, and could not bear to see a drawn sword; he was so much afraid of being murdered, that he used to wear a dress padded and studded all over with wool, which made him look even more clumsy than he was by nature. The English did not much admire their new king, though it really was a great blessing that England and Scotland should be under the same King at last, so as to end all the long and bloody wars that had gone on for so many years. Still, the Puritans thought that, as James had been brought up in their way of thinking, they would be allowed to make all the changes that Queen Elizabeth had stopped, and the Roman Catholics recollect that he was Queen Mary's son, and that his Reformed tutors had not made his life very pleasant to him as a boy, so they had hopes from him.

But they both were wrong. James had really read and thought much, and was a much wiser man at the bottom than any one would have thought who had seen his disagreeable ways, and heard his silly way of talking. He thought the English Church was much more in the right than either of them, and only wished that things could go on the same in England, and that the Scots should be brought to have bishops, and to use the prayers that Christians had used from the very old times, instead of each minister praying out of his own head, as had become the custom. But though he could not change the ways of the Scots at once, as caused all the best scholars and clergymen in his kingdom to go to work to make the translation of the Bible as right and good as it could be.

Long before this was finished, however, some of the Roman Catholics had formed a conspiracy for getting rid of all the chief people in the kingdom; and so, as they hoped, bringing the rest back to the Pope. There were good men among the Roman Catholics who knew that such an act would be terrible; but there were some among them who had learnt to hate every one that they did not reckon as of the right religion, and to believe that everything was right that was done for the cause of their church. So these men agreed that on the day of the meeting of Parliament, when the king, with the queen and Prince of Wales, would all be meeting the lords and commons, they would blow the whole of them up with gunpowder; and, while the country was all confusion, the king dead, and almost all his lords and chief country squires, they would take the king's younger children—Elizabeth or Charles, who were both quite little—and bring one up as a Roman Catholic to govern England.

They bought some cellars under the Houses of Parliament, and stored them with barrels of gunpowder, hidden by faggots; and the time was nearly come, when one of the lords, called Montague, received a letter that puzzled him very much, advising him not to attend the meeting of Parliament, since a sudden destruction would come upon all who would then be present, and yet so they that they would not know the doer of it. No one knew who wrote the letter, but most likely it was one of the gentlemen who had been asked to join the plot, and, though he would not betray his friends, could not bear that Lord Montague should perish. Lord Montague took the letter to the council, and there, after putting over it, and wondering if it were a joke, the king said gunpowder was a means of sudden destruction; and it was agreed that, at any rate, it would be safer to look into the vaults. A party was sent to search, and there they found all the powder ready prepared, and, moreover, a man with a lantern, one Guy Fawkes, who had undertaken to be the one to set fire to the train of gunpowder, hoping to escape before the explosion. However, he was seized in time, and was forced to make confession. Most of the gentlemen concerned fled into the country, and shut themselves up in a fortified house; but there, strange to say, a barrel of gunpowder chance to get lighted, and thus many were much hurt in the very way they meant to hurt others.

There was a great thanksgiving all over the country, and it became the custom that, on the 5th of November—the day when the gunpowder plot was to have taken effect—there should be bonfires and fireworks, and Guy Fawkes' figure burnt; but people are getting wiser now, and think it better not to keep up the memory of old crimes and hatreds. Henry, Prince of Wales, was a fine lad, fond of all that was good, but a little too apt to talk of wars, and of being like Henry V. He was very fond of ships and sailors, and delighted in watching the building of a grand vessel that was to take his sister Elizabeth across the sea, when he was to marry the Count Palatine of the Rhine. Before the wedding, however, Prince Henry fell suddenly ill and died.



The War.

Negotiations for peace will probably result in a definite meeting of envoys at Washington about the middle of August. Meanwhile no armistice is observed and war operations continue in Manchuria, where probably a huge battle will once more be fought with fatal results.

Cholera and dysentery is said to be raging still at Harbin, where 50,000 sick and wounded soldiers are quartered. The death rate is 100 per day, and eighteen isolation hospitals have been erected outside the city.

Unrest and Reform.

It is still hoped that the concessions made by the Czar, especially the proposed election of representatives to a Parliament, will aid in pacifying the populace, but there is still considerable unrest and many riots taking place. A bomb factory, in which were eight finished and 120 unfinished bombs, has been discovered by the police at Hiverskaja. The police arrested two young members of a society, the confessed object of which is the assassination of Ministers.

The King of Spain.

King Alphonso received a deputation of students, who visited His Majesty to congratulate him upon his escape from death by the bomb explosion during his visit to Paris. In thanking the deputation the King described the occurrence in an unresentful, matter-of-fact way. He said he had had a narrow escape, a splinter having passed close to his head. A member of the deputation expressing admiration for the King's calm courage, His Majesty replied: "I am sure each of you would have done the same," adding, with a smile, "besides, I was wearing a Spanish uniform, and I could not break into tears." Let us remember that we wear the uniform of the King of kings, and cannot afford to bear ourselves other than Christians.

Chinese Boycott of American Goods.

Two important meetings were held at Tien-Tsin, China, in connection with the anti-American propaganda. The meetings were attended by 600 students, representing 26 colleges. The resolutions were passed, of which the most important were the following:

"To boycott American goods; to stimulate Chinese manufacturers; to circulate anti-American literature, and to record the results."

Other bodies representing 200 members from the commercial guilds of seventeen provinces have signed an agreement under a mutual bond to forfeit 50,000 taels if any member is reported purchasing American goods. The Pekin guilds are circulating 10,000 copies of the agreement. This action is in resentment of the U. S. exclusion act.

Cotton on Red Sea Coast.

Signor Paoletti, the representative of the Italian company which is engaged in growing cotton in the colony of Erythrea, on the Red Sea Coast, has returned, and states that the experiments have proved an unqualified success. He recommends that the enterprise be pushed.

Explosion Maimed Many.

During gun practice at Pamplona, Spain, a gunner carelessly threw a cigar light into a powder bag. The explosion that followed seriously injured eight persons. An adjacent magazine marvelously escaped destruction. So foolish people throw about angry and unwise words, which cause much mischief.

Preparations for War.

Armaments are still progressing in many nations. Italy has ordered four cruisers and

twenty torpedo boats, to be ready in thirty months. The Krupp Works, at Essen, Germany, have orders for the delivery of over 300 guns per month for two years to come, having erected only recently eight new artillery foundries. And so the fever of war preparation goes on.

Colonies for British Emigrants.

The report submitted by H. Rider Haggard, who, as commissioner of the Colonial Office, has recently been investigating the conditions and character of the farm colonies in the United States by the Salvation Army, was issued as a Parliamentary blue-book. The report speaks most favorably of the colonies, and says that similar settlements might be successfully established in the British colonies to provide for the surplus agricultural population of the United Kingdom in different parts of the Empire, especially in Canada, where, according to Sir Wilfred Laurier, Premier of Canada, the Government is prepared to set aside 240,000 acres for this purpose." So says a London despatch.

A despatch to the Daily Mail from Copenhagen says there is excellent authority for stating that a majority of the Swedish Riksdag is ready to agree that Prince Carl, third son of King Oscar, shall be King of Norway, provided Norway demolishes the fortifications on the frontier and makes an arbitration treaty with Sweden.

Inventions of Italians.

The Venetian Count Alberigo has made a captive ascent with his airship, the trial being thoroughly successful. He will now test its powers in a free flight.

A new microphonic telephone, invented by Signor Mayorana, brother of the Minister of Finance, has been tested between Paris and Rome, with excellent results. A trial of the telephone has since been made by sending messages from London to Rome with equally good success, in spite of the difficulty of transmission by submarine as well as land cables. An English syndicate has been formed to offer capital for the exploitation of the company.

A Tunnel Under Behring Straits.

The project of having an all-rail line from Paris to New York is revived by the formation of a syndicate to bore a tunnel under Behring Straits.

The enterprise, it is said, will probably be capitalized at \$250,000,000 to \$300,000,000, and the money centres of France, Russia, and the United States will be asked to share in the financial phase of the project.

NEWFOUNDLAND COUNCILS.

(By Wire.)

Rousing reception to Lieut.-Colonel Gasquin. Divineunction on council of 120 officers. Monster processions. Powerful public gatherings. Colonel ably assisted by Major Creighton. Charming musical demonstration, interesting marriage ceremony, and farewells. Sixty surrenders in three days.—Ensign N. R. Trickey.

GRAND TIMES AT INGERSOLL.

Brigadier Hargrave and Chancellor, with the London Band, Spend a Week-End There.

(Special.)

Brigadier and Mrs. Hargrave, with Major Rawling and the London Band, visited Ingersoll on Saturday and Sunday, June 17th and 18th. Splendid campaign, good crowds, people interested and delighted, powerful impression made. Weather very hot, but everybody stuck at it. Results: One for holiness, nine for salvation, and \$41.43 income. Glory be to God.—U. N. O.

LIPPINCOTT.

Much blessing was outpoured upon this corps recently.

At midnight, Saturday, Sister Harrison, although still young, entered the Golden Gates, leaving a sweet testimony behind that all was well.

Though without friends or relations on earth, her place was assured in the great family of God.

Holiness service was productive of much light and blessing. Corps-Cadet Guardian giving a pointed and heart-searching Bible reading.

A sister (long years unfaithful to her Saviour) came back to the Cross, her husband having come a short time previously.

At night the corps was greatly cheered by a surprise visit from Lieut.-Colonel Sharp, and the two daughters of the couple just mentioned came to the Cross. This means another whole family for God.



DISEASES OF THE EYE.

When it is discovered that a child is short-sighted, the line of treatment to be pursued is very simple. The evils to be apprehended result from the strain which the eyes are compelled to exert in order to see distinctly, and this strain is merely the consequence of the lack of proportion between the curvature of the lens and the depth of the eye. If we could change this proportion by making the eye shallower—that is, by bringing the retina forward and somewhat nearer the lens—we would obviate the difficulty. This, of course, cannot be done; the form of the eye cannot be changed, but the other factor is a possibility—that is, we can change the direction of the rays of light before they enter the eye, so that they shall be focused upon the retina. This is accomplished by the use of spectacles—a concave glass being placed in front of the eye.

The treatment of short-sightedness consists, therefore, in the use of spectacles. The object of these glasses is not to make the patient see better than before. Indeed, the short-sighted individual will often complain at first that he can see better without the glasses than with them. The benefit derived from the glasses is simply that they compel the patient to hold objects farther from the eyes; by this means the eyes are relieved from the strain, which is the cause of danger for the future.

At first the patient will experience some inconvenience, and perhaps even discomfort, in wearing the spectacles. This is merely the result of the perversion of habit which the eyes have so long retained. It disappears in time, so that the patient feels much comfort in the use of his glasses, and much discontent without them. The effort required to accustom the eyes is greater in advanced years than in early childhood, since the habit of straining the eyes is of longer duration. It is especially desirable that glasses should be worn as soon as the short-sight is discovered, which is almost always in childhood. For not only are the evils which follow upon short sight thereby averted, but the progress of the affection may be entirely arrested: hence, after the individual attains maturity, he may, in many cases, unless he devote himself to some profession requiring close application of the eyes, give up the glasses entirely.

Another method in the use of glasses, which is most important, though scarcely appreciated, is their value in bringing the individual into relation with the world. Those who have natural eyes, which take in the usual range of vision, cannot appreciate the fact that the world of a short-sighted person extends only ten or fifteen feet around him; yet such is the fact. The immense advantage derived from the use of the eyes in training the individual in a knowledge of external objects is lost, to a great extent, by the short-sighted person. Instances illustrating this fact are known to every surgeon who has much experience in the treatment of diseases of the eye. Thus Mr. Carter says: "I once prescribed glasses to correct the short sight of a lady who had for many years been engaged in teaching and who had never previously worn them. Her first exclamation of pleasure surprised us, as she put on her spectacles and looked around her, was a curious commentary on the state in which her life, until then, had been passed. She said: 'Why, I shall be able to see the faces of the children!' If we think what this exclamation meant, and if we apply the lesson that it teaches to other pursuits, we shall not fail to perceive that the practical effect of myopia is to shut out the subject of it from a very large amount of the unconscious education which the process of seeing the world involves, and that its occasion losses which can hardly be made up in any other way. Taken in detail, these losses—the mere not seeing of this or that seeing it—if they appear insignificant; it is their aggregate which becomes important.

Lieut. Meeks, North Bay; Lieut. Andrews, Owen Sound; Capt. Jordan, Gore Bay; Ensign McNancy, Collingwood; Capt. Chalecott, Parry Sound; Sergt. Miles, Barrie.

150 and Over.—Lieut. Langdon, Collingwood; Lieut. Brass, Parry Sound; Mrs. Capt. Calvert, Capt. Calvert, Fenelon Falls; Capt. New, Omemee; Mrs. Hurler, Sergt. Fullbrook, Barrie; Capt. Hurd, Kinmount.

100 and Over.—P. S.-M. Hearde, Kinmount; Bro. E. Burden, Sergt. McNamey, Soo, Ont.

50 and Over.—P. S.-M. Bowin, Kinmount; Capt. Porter, Edith Iles, Owen Sound; Mrs. R. Calback, Adj. Parsons, Mrs. Adj. Parsons, Soo, Mich.; Lieut. Stimers, Sergt. Fletcher, Bulk's Falls; Capt. C. C. Orr, Gore Bay; Sergt. Carey, Omemee; Lieut. Bowbriek, Uxbridge.

Pacific Province.
28 Hunters.

Cand. Wright, Bellingham 520
Sergt. Little, Victoria 614
Capt. West, Vancouver 600
Capt. Lewis, Victoria 440
Cand. Nelson, Spokane 420
350 and Over.—Nelle Wilkins, Butte; Annie Johnson, Spokane; Lieut. N. Robinson, Everett.
300 and Over.—Captain Traviss, Lieut. Richard, Pernie.
250 and Over.—Capt. Quant, Missoula.
200 and Over.—Capt. Quafe, Great Falls; Cand. Darts, Missoula; Sergt. Holton, Bellingham.
100 and Over.—Ensign Wilkins, Butte; Adj't. Dean, Nelson; Mrs. Ensign Dowell, Great Falls.
50 and Over.—Brother Moody, Vancouver; Mrs. Prowse, New Westminster; Capt. Huskinson, Sister Scadden, Livingston; Bro. Dudley, Vancouver; Capt.

Papstein, Nelson; Lieut. Massey, Billings; Sister Pogue, Nelson; Sister Williams, Everett; C.-C. Conrad, Missoula.

Below 50.—Sergt. Erington, Vancouver.

Aleks District.

1 Hustler.

200 and Over.—Capt. Sainsbury, Skagway.

WANTED!

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Mr. H. L. Wynn, a journalist, who was one of the passengers on the S.S. Vancouver, and the writer of the article, "One in a Thousand," published in our issue of May 27th.

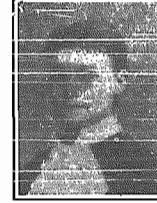


To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe, before and after their disappearance, and in any difficulty. Address Commissioner Thomas B. Combs, 20 Albert Street, Toronto, and mark "Enquiry" on the envelope. Fifty cents should be sent with the address, and a small sum will be charged for the advertisement, an extra charge of one dollar is made, which amount must be sent with the photo. Officers, soldiers, and sailors are requested to send their names to this office, and the Commissioner will do his best to find them. The Commissioner is not responsible for the Conventions of the United States, and will not be bound by them.

First Insertion.

4916. MCALRENN, ADELAIDE, wife of Daniel McLaren, an elderly person who went over to England to see her niece, Sarah Louise Pickup, about fifteen years ago, and then came back to Canada, either to Toronto or St. Marys.



4920. CUNNINGHAM, PATRICK. Age 36, height 5ft. 7in., red hair, fair complexion, blue eyes. Last known address: Buffalo or Welland.

4930. SAW, ARTHUR. Age unknown, height 5ft. 8 or 9in., sandy hair, blue eyes, blue coal mark below one eye. Went to Canada two years ago. Thought to be working in a brickyard in Toronto. Served in the Boer War with the 2nd East Lancashire Volunteers.

4932. SHORT, JAMES R. Age between 30 and 38, height 5ft. 6in., black hair and eyes. Last known address: 117 Law St., Toronto Junction. Machinist. Missing since 1903.

Second Insertion.

4912. LATHAM, THOMAS. Age 54, height 5ft. 8in., grey hair, blue eyes. Last known address: Balmoral Hotel, Nanaimo, B.C.

4914. AIKMAN, WILLIAM. Age 34, height 5ft. 6in., brown hair, grey eyes; dysman; nationality Scotch. Last address: Mr. W. D. Hitt, Trout Creek Farm, Hamilton Ont.

4915. YOUNG FREDERICK. Age 30, height 5ft. 7in., light hair, blue eyes. Last heard from in 1898; was then on a farm near Winnipeg. Left Shirehampton, Bristol, England, in 1898.

4919. GREY, MATTHEW ADAMSON. Age 42, height 5ft. 7in., blacksmith, dark hair, brown eyes. Missing since 1902. Last known address: Northville, Mich., U.S.A. Sister enquires.

4922. HOOK, ALBERT GEORGE. Age 17, 5ft. 4in., dark hair and eyes and complexion, slightly bow-legged. Missing since April, 1906.



Fish au Gratin.

An old-fashioned way of baking fish au gratin has never been improved upon. Skin the fish, starting at the head and drawing towards the tail. Cut off the head and take out the backbone. This leaves two large pieces of fish. Prepare a sauce by lightly browning minced slice of onion in two tablespoonsfuls of butter. When the butter bubbles, stir in two tablespoonsfuls of flour and add stock or water to make a creamy compound. Season, and add the juice of half a lemon and half a tablespoonful of minced parsley. Lay the fish on a buttered baking-tin and pour the sauce over it. Sprinkle thickly with bread crumbs, put bits of butter over, and bake in a quick oven for about twenty-five minutes. Tomato sauce is recommended with this.

Banana Whip.

A very delicious dessert is banana whip. Press six ripe bananas through a ricer and mix with a syrup made with two-thirds of a cup of sugar melted in a double boiler, with the juice of a lemon. Flavor with vanilla and a tiny pinch of salt. Beat a pint of cream and beat gradually into this the banana mixture. Set aside to become thoroughly chilled. Pile high in tall glasses. In a glass dish, lined with sliced bananas if desired. Pistachio nuts chopped fine are an addition. This makes a good filling for a charlotte russe.

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DEPARTMENT.

Will officers and soldiers remember that we have a Shipping Agency at Headquarters, and can book passengers to all parts of the world. If you have anyone going or coming from England, or elsewhere, kindly write us for rates, etc., or have them do so. Address: Brigadier T. Howell, 20 Albert St., Toronto.

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No. 2.—A School of the Prophets. By One of the Scholars.
No. 3.—Our War in South Africa. By Commissioner Railton.
No. 4.—The Warrior's Daily Portion, No. I. By Brigadier Eileen Douglas.
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SONGS OF THE WEEK.

CONSECRATION.

TUNE.—N.B.B. 206.

1 Thine forever, Jesus,
Every hour I live;
All my body, spirit, soul,
Now to Thee I give.
Every beating pulse of mine,
Every fleeting breath,
All for Thee, my Jesus,
Thine I'll be till death.

Chorus.

All for Thee, Lord Jesus,
Every breath, life or death;
All for Thee, Lord Jesus,
All I speak or do.

All my holy laughter,
Let it be for Thee,
For the souls of those in sin.
Let my weeping be,
Every thought and every wish,
To subjection bring,
For Thy holy purpose,
Jesus, precious King.

Let me be Thy mouthpiece,
Warning men of hell!
Let me all Thy wondrous love,
To poor sinners tell.
All the talents I have got,
Though they be but small.
For Thy blessed service,
Help me use them all.

KEEP WAVING.

2 All round the world our Army chariot rolls,
All round the world the Lord is saving souls,
All round our soldiers will be brave,
Around our colors we will rally—wave, soldiers,
wave!

Chorus.

Keep waving! Keep waving! Keep every flag
unfurled
We soon shall have our colors waving all round the
world.

All round the world, with music and with song,
All round the world we'll boldly march along,
All round the world, the universe to save,
We'll wave our Army flags for Jesus—wave, soldiers,
wave!

All round the world the Saviour's blood shall flow,
All round the world we will to battle go,
All round the world, the world's salvation crave;
With blood-and-fire, with faith and feeling—wave,
soldiers, wave!

SOLO.

A Dream of the Judgment.

3 I dream'd that the great Judgment Morning
Had dawned, and the trumpet had blown!
I dream'd that the nations had gathered
In Judgment before the White Throne;
From the throne went a bright, shining angel,
And stood on the land and the sea,
And swore, with his hand raised to heaven,
That time was no longer to be.

Chorus.

Then, oh, what a weeping and wailing,
When the lost ones heard of their fate;
They cried on the rocks and the mountains,
They prayed, but their prayers were too late.

The rich man was there, but his money
Had melted and vanished away;
A pauper he stood at the Judgment,
His debts were too heavy to pay.
The great man was there, but his greatness,
When death came, was left far behind;
The angels that carried the records
No trace of his greatness could find.

The widow was there, and the orphans—
God heard and remembered their cries,
No sorrow in heaven for ever,
God wiped all tears from their eyes.
The gambler was there, and the drunkard,
And the man who had sold him the drink,
With the people who gave him the license,
Together in hell they did sink.

THE MOUNTAIN OF SALVATION.

TUNE.—Calcutta (N.B.B. 164).

4 Fly, ye sinners, to yon mountain;
There the purple stream doth flow;
There you'll find an open fountain
That will wash you white as snow.
Oh, come quickly,
And its cleansing virtues know.

Never ponder o'er your meanness,
But to Calvary repair;
There's the fountain for uncleanness,
And the worst is welcome there.
Christ invites you
Now His pardoning love to share.

Richly flowed the crimson river,
When our great Redeemer died;
And that blood will you deliver,
Whene'er you 're applied.
Free salvation
Flows from Jesus' wounded side.

INVITATION SONG.

5 Come, oh, come with me where love is beaming,
Come, oh, come with me where light is streaming,
Licht and love divine in Christ revealing
God Himself to you and me.

Chorus.

Hallelujah, hallelujah, I love Thee, my Saviour;
Hallelujah, hallelujah, I'll trust but in Thee.

Come with all thy sins, although like a mountain,
Come unto the cross from whence a fountain
Flows divinely clear to heal the nations,
Come, and wash and make you clean.

None can be too vile for love so beaming,
None can be too dark for light so streaming,
Christ can make you whole through faith believing,
Full salvation give to you.

LIEUT.-COLONEL GASKIN

will visit

MONTREAL Sunday, June 25

LIEUT.-COLONEL FRIEDRICH

will visit

WINNIPEG Friday, June 30

CALGARY Monday, July 3

VANCOUVER Wednesday, July 5

PORT ESSINGTON, GLEN VOWELL, PORT

SIMPSON, WRANGEL, KILLISNOO, HAINES,

SKAGWAY, GRAND FORKS, and DAWSON

CITY as sailings will permit.

BRIGADIER SWEETON

will visit

FARGO Thursday, June 23

SPOKANE Sunday, July 2

VANCOUVER Wednesday, July 5

PORT ESSINGTON, GLEN VOWELL, PORT

SIMPSON, WRANGEL, KILLISNOO, HAINES,

SKAGWAY, GRAND FORKS, and DAWSON

CITY as sailings will permit.

T. H. Q. SPECIALS.

BRIGADIER SOUTHLAND will visit Chatham, Sat.
and Sun., July 1, 2.

BRIGADIER HOWELL will visit Brantford, Saturday and Sunday, July 1, 2.

T. F. S. APPOINTMENTS.

Emrys Edwards — Sherbrooke, July 4, 5;

Newport, July 6, 7; St. Johnsbury, July 8, 9, 10;

Barre, Vt., July 11, 12; Burlington, July 13, 14; Ot-

tawa, L. July 18, 19; Ottawa, II, July 20; Kemptville,

July 21; Smith's Falls, July 22, 23, 24; Pembroke,

July 25, 26; Cloyne, July 27, 28; Tweed, July 28, 29;

31; Peterboro, Aug. 1, 2; Millbrook, Aug. 3; Manvers,

Aug. 4, 5.

SERVANTS' REGISTRY.

Girls coming to the city for service should write
first to Brigadier Stewart, or come direct to his
office at the Temple, cor. James and Albert Streets,
to register. We are in a position to find the best
situations, as well as to take a kindly interest in
girls whose home is outside the city, ready to assist
them in all possible ways.

COMING EVENTS.

GREAT

Camp Meeting

DUFFERIN GROVE, TORONTO,

Saturday, July 1st,
to Monday, July 10th.

The Commissioner

IN COMMAND.

Assisted by the Territorial Headquarters Staff,
Training Home Staff and City Officers.SATURDAY, JULY 1st (Dominion Day)—11 a.m.
Colonel Jacobs. COMMISSIONER afternoon
and night.SUNDAY, JULY 2nd.—THE COMMISSIONER in
command all day.MONDAY, JULY 3rd—3 p.m., Brigadier Taylor and
Cadets. 8 p.m., The Chief Secretary and Staff.TUESDAY, JULY 4th.—3 and 8 p.m., Lieut.-Colonel
Gaskin.WEDNESDAY, JULY 5th.—3 p.m., Brigadier Taylor
and Cadets. 8 p.m., Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire.THURSDAY, JULY 6th.—3 p.m., Brigadier Southall.
8 p.m., Great Praise Meeting, Bands and Singers
in attendance, conducted by THE COM-
MISSIONER.FRIDAY, JULY 7th.—3 p.m., Brigadier Taylor and
Cadets. 8 p.m., The Chief Secretary and Cadets.

SATURDAY, JULY 8th.—Brigadier Taylor and Cadets.

SUNDAY, JULY 9th.—THE COMMISSIONER in
command all day.MONDAY, JULY 10th.—3 p.m., Brigadier Taylor and
Cadets. 8 p.m., THE COMMISSIONER will en-
roll Recruits and wind up the Camp.

The Commissioner

will conduct a Great Meeting at the
Camp Ground, London,

On Thursday, July 13th.

also

Commissioning of Cadets and Fare-
well of Colonel Jacobs, the
Chief Secretary,

at

The Temple, Monday, July 17th.
at 8 p.m.

COLONEL JACOBS,

Chief Secretary, will farewell—

WINNIPEG, Citadel Sunday, July 9

LONDON, Camp Grounds .. Sunday, July 9

LIPPINCOTT Sunday, 11 a.m., July 16

TEMPLE Sunday, 7:30 p.m., July 16

TEMPLE Monday, July 17

BRIGADIER HORN.

LINDSAY (re-opening) July 1,

STAFF-CAPT. MCLEAN.

Parliament St. July 6 to 24

Brantford July 15 to 24